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# FOCH PICTURES THE FUTURE WAR

## Allied Commander Says Battles Will Be Fought by Machines and Lethal Gases, and Non-Combatants Will Suffer Heavily; But That Victory Will Be Determined by the Qualities of Men

By FITZHUGH LEE MINNIGERODE

PARIS.

TIRED, war-worn Europe has a vision of disarmament, and even now is trying to find a formula that will satisfy all the nations; but the task is surrounded by numerous difficulties, not the least of which is the inborn fear that war is never far away. What Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Generalissimo of the allied armies, has to say about disarmament is therefore of deep interest to the world.

Marshal Foch does not believe that disarmament is a practical doctrine in a world where jealousy, greed, revenge and the desire for empire control the hearts of peoples and Governments. War, the Marshal thinks, may come from any point at any moment, to involve the whole world.

Such a war, Marshal Foch said, when I saw him recently in Paris, would be more terrible than the last, and it might actually be won or lost in the laboratory, the gun foundry and the munitions factory. It would be a contest between peoples rather than between armies; yet the defeat of armies, not the destruction of cities and noncombatants, would be the decisive factor. And because such a war would be unprecedentedly terrible did not mean that it would also be necessarily short.

The Marshal of France received me in his office. Rising from his desk, over which was spread a large military map, he seemed very young for a soldier who has seen more than half a century of service and for a man in his seventy-sixth year. He was as buoyant as an athlete, and his eyes were as bright and cheerful as if he had never known a greater responsibility than that of amusing himself.

Naturally, the first question put to Marshal Foch was what he thought of the prospect of disarmament.

"There can be no disarmament nor any serious consideration of the question, until Germany has the will to disarm. Today she has no such disposition," was the response.

"When you say Germany lacks the disposition to disarm, do you mean that she wants to prepare for another war?"

"I mean," the Marshal replied, "that mentally Germany is arming. Physically she cannot do much, so long as there is an Allied Commission of Control. But when that comes to an end we shall see better what is in her mind. Disarmament is not what she will be thinking of."

Did he think that Germany is secretly arming?

"There is much talk about it. Doubtless Germany is arming to some extent. But as long as the commission watches things there is not much danger. The point is that the only reason she is disarmed is because she has to be—not because she wants to be."

"What about Italy, with her imperialistic ideas and fiery Mussolini at the head of the Government?" he was next asked.

"Mussolini has balance," replied Marshal Foch. "What he says is for Italian consumption, largely. When he rattles the sword he is not rattling it at other countries. It pleases his followers."

Then came a question about the possibility of another great war and where it might originate. Marshal Foch spread his arms out like a man in doubt; but at the same time he included the world in his gesture.

"It may come unexpectedly, from anywhere," he said, "and will be more terrible than the last. No one can see far ahead in these days; but of this we can be certain: Mechanical devices for winning battles will be the predominant factor. Brave men will still be essential to the proper handling of war machines, but it will be a war of machinery rather than a war of flesh."

He was asked whether he gave any credence to the many reports of wonderful new discoveries for making war. A few days before the correspondent had been told about a gas so deadly that a sufficient amount could be contained in two or three shells to poison every living thing within a radius of nine miles.

"Geneva notwithstanding," answered Marshal Foch. "We know that every nation is engaged in research work; trying to perfect a poison gas that will insure the complete annihilation of an enemy. That very deadly gases have been perfected is entirely probable. I have not heard of the particular gas you mention."

He had heard, he said, about the death ray an Englishman claims to have perfected, one said to have been proved capable of killing a rat some distance off. But Marshal Foch felt that the claims made for this ray seem to lack authenticity. When asked about the German rays reported to have brought down several French airplanes by putting the engines out of order, he said he did not think that such a thing had happened.

Would gas, did the Marshal think, be used in the next war?

"If gas can be legislated out of use by putting a ban on it, why could not war be banned as well? I think every weapon that makes victory surer will most likely be used in another war. As for generalship, that must change with changed conditions and be prepared and trained to meet new elements."

Napoleon's strategy and tactics, it was hazarded, would not have been very successful in the last war, a hundred years having wrought too many changes. But at the mention of Napoleon's name fire came into Marshal Foch's eyes.

"Ah, Napoleon!" He spoke the name with reverence, for every French soldier reveres the memory of the Little Corporal. "He would have won battles in the last war. He would win battles in any war. It is genius that wins battles. Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar. They would win battles in any war because they were military geniuses. So, too, the Great Napoleon. Tactics may change, the methods of conducting battles may have undergone all manner of alterations, new weapons may be employed, and still the man of genius will win. Napoleon would have won.

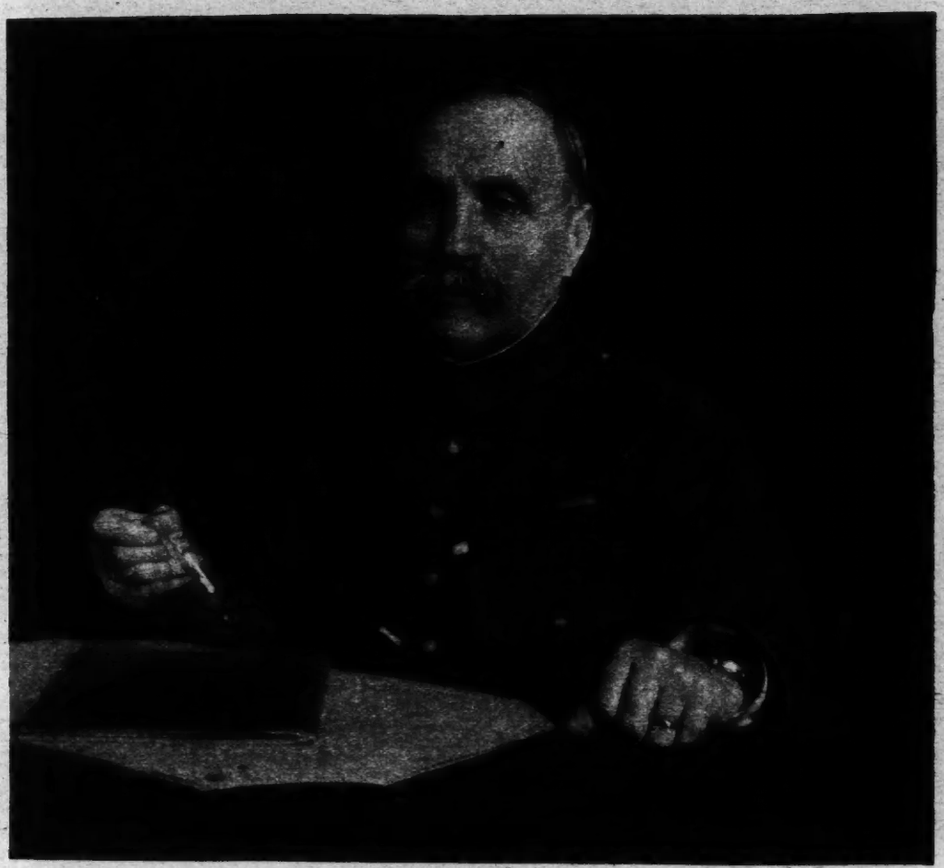
"Armies in the future," he continued, "will be composed of so many different services that each will be largely dependent upon the others. Infantry, as we know it—the man with the ordinary rifle—will cease to exist. Every so-called infantryman will carry a light machine gun, and that will be only a defensive weapon, like the revolver of today. Cavalry, while it will never actually fight mounted in modern warfare, is still a valuable arm. Motor transportation has not done away with cavalry, for mounted troops ready to move rapidly from place to place may still be regarded as important. Here the value lies in mobility."

"Do you think that tanks will remain valuable?"

"Yes. Tanks are not restricted in value to their psychological effect upon the enemy. They are, and I think will continue to be, an effective weapon. I do doubt, however, the value of dreadnought tanks. They would be too vulnerable and too unwieldy. As for high-speed tanks, they may come; but fifty kilometers an hour sounds impossible, except along very good roads. You know what roads become under artillery fire."

The Marshal then spoke of artillery. He thought that artillery of greater range than in use today will not prove practical. "It will be too far away from the objective to do very efficient work. It might damage or even destroy distant cities; but wars are won by destroying armies, not cities.

"Many today believe that the destruction of great cities from the air will make the next great war an exceedingly brief one," he went on; "that if the air power of France, for instance, were to shower high explosives, incendiary bombs and poison gas on Berlin and the air power of Germany were to do likewise over Paris—(Continued on Page 20)



Marshal Foch at His Desk.

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# THE CHARLESTON TRACES ITS ANCESTRY BACK 400 YEARS

## Its Parent, So the Experts Say, Was the Branle, a Favorite Dance for Centuries at the Royal Court of France

Even the Sandwich Islanders Had Their Charleston in Captain Cook's Day.
*From an Old Engraving.*

*By FRED AUSTIN*

WHILE Europe was still thrilled over the discovery of America by Columbus and the Middle Ages were disappearing under the influence of the Renaissance, Don John of Austria rode post haste from Brussels and secretly entered Paris for the sole purpose of seeing Marguerite de Valois, sister of King Francis I, dance the Charleston!

True, what the Queen of Navarre danced so spiritedly that her royal admirer went away dazzled was not then known to the chronicler of the event as the Charleston; nor was it the strenuous exercise which, under that name, has literally swept the present dancing generation off its feet. Her dance was a Branle. But, says Leo Staats, director of the ballet of the Paris Opéra, who has come to New York to instruct budding dancers in the way their legs should go according to the classic traditions of the school founded by Louis XIV, the Charleston of today is basically the Branle of the sixteenth century with a few frills added.

### *Over 400 Years Old*

So that's how new the Charleston is—more than 400 years old.

Jack Blue and Ned Wayburn may dispute as long as they please about who is entitled to laurel or hemlock, whichever is the fitting reward for introducing the Charleston to the stage. It doesn't matter, for the original Charleston, if M. Staats is right—and the early records of the dance bear him out—was publicly performed on the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520, when the court of Francis I and Henry VII held revel.

Dancing masters may argue that the dance of the hour is a blood brother of some unholy ritual of the unredeemed African jungle, an offshoot of cottonfield buck-and-wing or the invention of negro roustabouts, merrymaking on the wharves of the city whose name it bears. M. Staats, with the annals of l'Académie Nationale de Musique et de la Danse at his back, says it is nonsense—that the Charleston is merely a variation, a recrudescence in new guise, but embodying the same underlying principle of the dance that was favored by noble and yokel alike for two centuries. Like many other varieties of the dance, it lapsed into somnolence in one period only to awaken in another and regain lost popularity under another name and shape. Thus the volte of the sixteenth century became the waltz of the nineteenth.

Not only is the Charleston a variant of the Branle, says M. Staats in amplifying his explanation of the heredity of the modern step, but it borrows from other contemporaries of the Branle, such as pas tortillés, or twisting steps; pas levés, steps comprising lifting movements, starting at the hip, whereby the entire leg is carried from a position on the floor, and the Rue de Vache (literally, the kick of a cow) to which the side-fling of the foot in the Charleston is easily comparable. The wing of the Charleston is an American version of the tortille of Spain, which dates back to those dancers of Cadiz whose praises were sung in ancient Rome by Martial, Pliny the Younger and Petronius.

The statements of M. Staats are confirmed by that eminent fan of the early Charleston, Jehan Tabourot, otherwise Thoinet Arbeau, Canon of Langres, who in a sprightly compilation entitled Orchésographie, published in 1589, described the dances of his time with fervor and minuteness and gave instruction to high and low in the way they should be executed. For example, he thus guides beginners:

> Spring on one foot to support the body and at the same time carry the other in the air to in front of the shin, then change feet.
>
> Hold yourself on the tiptoes, then bring the heels together, then turn them right, then turn them left, then turn them right again.
>
> The dancer stands on one foot to support the body and then raises the other in the air as if he wished to kick some one.

There is simple Charleston routine for you, with the winging step and anterior kick and swing correctly described. When the chorus of a Broadway revue dances the Charleston, singing the measures the while, they are following the custom set by the dancers of the Branle, who always sang as they danced, accompanied by the flute and tabour. Incidentally, the Branle songs were especially composed for flute and tabour (drum) because the musician could play both instruments at the same time. Thus in the sixteenth century we have the ancestor of the modern expert with the jazz traps.

The Branle was probably the oldest of the figure dances, being one of the four figures of the Basse Danse or Low Dance which comprised the reverence, the Branle, the passes and the tordion. A ball would commonly begin with a Branle d'entrée and end with a Branle de sortie.

### *The Double Branle*

Further relationship of the Branle to the Charleston in all save the winging or twisting of the feet is found in Tabourot's dscription of the double Branle. He writes.

"You know well that a double (Branle) consists of three steps and then feet together. To perform it you will, after making your bow for the first bar, keep the right foot firm and steady, throwing to one side the left foot, which will for the time be held in the air. For the second bar the left foot is the firm one and the right one is extended. The third bar is a repetition of the first. For the fourth bar bring the feet together. These four steps, performed in four bars or beats of the tabour, we call the double to the left; and the same you will perform to the right, reversing the preceding double.

"The players upon instruments are all accustomed to begin a ball by the Double or Common Branle; after that cometh the Simple Branle; then the Gay Branle; and last of these are the Branles called Branles of Burgundy and Branles of Champagne. This sequence of four sorts of Branles is appropriate to the different persons who take part in them. The old step gravely through Double and Simple Branles; young married people dance Gay Branles, and the youngest lightly trip the Branles of Burgundy; all, however, doing their best."

This blithe canon of Langres threw in, for good measure, the following advice concerning the deportment of the dancer:

"Having mastered your steps and movements and a good cadence, do not in company keep your eyes on your feet, bending your head to see if you dance well. Carry yourself uprightly and with an assured look. Let your speeech be gracious, gentle and well bred. Let your hands hang easily, neither as if dead nor yet as if in travail to gesticulate. Be neatly dressed, with your hose pulled tightly up and clean shoes."

Branles were at one time so popular that almost every province had its own, just as today nearly every city has its own brand of Charleston. Queen Margot, in her twenty-eighth Nouvelle, mentions the Branle of Gascony; and there were the Pea Branle, the Mustard Branle, the Rubbish Branle. In the Branle of the official the man took his partner by the waist and jumped her in the air. In the Gavotte Branle, says Tabourot, "the damsel is not to be lifted, nevertheless, she is to be kissed. Had this Branle existed in my younger days I had not failed to have taken note of it." Queen Margaret of Valois excelled in the Torch Branle. Of the Branle M. Celler, in his "Origines de l'Opéra," wrote that "this is perhaps the dance which has left the most appreciable traces on our popular amusements and our children's games."

The Dancer in the Branle, an Old French Dance, Is Doing the Charleston Back Fling.
*From the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris*

The Louvre was the home of the forefather of the steps with which pickaninnies today charm nickels and dimes from the pockets of passers-by in Gotham, and roisterers in the haunts of François Villon sang and danced the first Charleston to a tune that was not jazz. The floors of Versailles and the sward of Fontainebleau vibrated to the shock of thudding feet, but there was no fear expressed in those days that beams would collapse beneath the impact.

Devotees of the Charleston can reply to aspersions cast upon it by carping critics by pointing to the list of illustrious personages who responded to the lure of its progenitor. Monarchs and princes, dukes and duchesses and courtiers of all degree, clad in cloth of gold and precious stones (it is recorded that their costumes represented an outlay of 80,000 francs on some occasions) went through paces but slightly removed from the Charleston routine of a musical comedy "hoofer" of today; for the Branle was the favorite at the bals, masques and fêtes with which French royalty of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries entertained their courts and celebrated weddings and political alliances.

They even danced a modified Charleston in the precincts of sanctity, for when the Cardinal de Bourbon gave an entertainment in the Abbey Saint-Germain-des-Pres in honor of the wedding of the Duc de Joyeuse and Marguerite de Lorraine, no less a person than Queen Catherine de Medici herself executed a dignified Branle with the Cardinal; and the Princess of Lorraine and the Duchesses de Mercouer, de Guise, de Nevers and d'Aumale and their noble consorts participated.

### *Nimble Royal Kickers*

The Queen of Navarre was the champion Branle dancer of her day and took all the prizes in sight. Francis I was no mean performer. Henry III swung a nimble foot, but was surpassed by Henry of Navarre. No confirmed frequenter of Broadway cabarets pursues the Charleston with more zest than did Henry of Navarre track the Branle, seeking partners, according to L'Etoile, in all the assemblies and balls in Paris and kicking with the best of them in the night clubs of his day. So smitten was he with the virus of the jumping dance that he neglected affairs of State and was engaged in

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At St. Giles's Ball—The Charleston of Merrie England Was Like Its Scion of Today.

"The Punctilious Latins With Whom Business and Society Are an Interwoven Fabric."

# WAYS OF DIXIE WIN IN LATIN AMERICA

## In Capturing Trade the Southerner Succeeds Where the "Peppy" Northerner, With the Go-Getter Spirit, Fails

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY.

THIS is the paradox of American business: Evolution has produced the type of Go-Getter best fitted to sustain life and salary and the rising cost of golf and a rising taste in motors in a nation where business is geared up to high. Then, just as this type is successfully standardized and operating in our business world with 100 per cent. efficiency, along comes the "catch" of trade with Latin America. Go-Getters are not worth a darn on the other side of the Rio Grande.

The Latins do not like our famous high-powered salesmanship or our efficiency experts, our Fire Prevention Weeks or our Eat More Apples Weeks, our chain hotels or our realtor associations or the peppy young hustlers that we send down to do business with them. In 400 years of racial strife it remained for American business to produce the brand of Anglo-Saxon that is most distasteful to the Latin temperament.

### *The World's Best Prospect*

In the words of America's own business vocabulary, Latin America is the world's best "prospect," yet here we are balked by the embarrassing fact that the best prospect does not like us. In spite of the rules of geography and freight rates and gold reserves, he much prefers doing business with Germany or France or England.

Then what about utilising "those lazy Southerners" of ours in this national economic emergency? They have been an economic waste product until now, "those lazy Southerners," as pep-driven America calls them. A penniless gentry they are, left stranded in a hustling modern world after the passing of their slave-served aristocracy. Their women cling poignantly to the tradition of family in a nation that has adopted dollars as a gauge of lineage. Their men say "Yes, sir," and take time for the elaboration of manners in a business world that has adopted the slogan of "Sign on the dotted line."

The Southerners who have gone North have had to drop their drawl and their restful afternoons and the ceremonious manners their mothers taught them, because the North thinks such manners an affectation in business hours. They have had to become Go-Getters and some have become Babbitts of the worst order. Success north of the Mason-Dixon line has been bought by adapting themselves to their environment.

But the Southerner who has gone South into Latin America has remained himself, only more so. It has been easier to fit into Caracas or Guatemala City or Bogota than into Detroit or Pittsburgh. It has been a shorter cut to drift back into the feudalism of a Colombia and a Peru than to go forward—if you call it forward—into the sanitation and hustle and efficiency of modern America. In truth, the grandson of a Louisiana or Virginia planter slips without a jolt into a continent where quite palpably all men were not created free and equal.

But it is in this warm, comfortable middle ground of our American cities that your young Southerner of good breeding does not mingle happily. The gusto of the commercial club set leaves him uncomfortable. Oddly enough, too, he finds that social credentials will carry him into the proud little aristocracy of a Latin republic, while the same credentials may fail to land him in the moneyed social oligarchy of a Northern city. In Latin America they still take letters of introduction seriously.

And foreign business introductions also carry weight among the punctilious Latins, with whom business and society are an interwoven fabric—not because the upper classes are in business as such, but because they own the million head of cattle or the silver mine or the oil rights that the trading is about. Germany, whose commercial policy has been one of "marrying in," has used this entrée to bring about alliances—almost invariably the commercial or technical German marrying above himself in family influence. But then the German always comes synthetically versed in the etiquette of his territory.

Latin-American contacts must be played by the rules of Latin etiquette, which is good reason why the logical move is for us to send down our Southerners, who at least have a temperamental affinity. It was to Mexico that the unreconstructed rebels who would not take the oath of allegiance fled after 1865. They fitted congenially into the life, prospered and intermarried, Latinized their names and in two generations were absorbed. The Southerner's habits and traditions are assimilable. Those of his Northern brother are not, as a rule.

"Some Southerners Who Have Gone North Have Become Babbitts."

A commentator on Latin-American affairs offers this explanation of why young North Americans make poorer colonists in South America than do their British and German competitors:

"They pine away in the chill vacuum between the punctilious upper class and the illiterate impossible lower world. There is no warm, comfortable middle ground."

For example, the American habit of "boosting" America doesn't go at all, although the Latin American delights in the ceremonious exchange of national compliments. And that is where South Carolina and Virginia and Louisiana speak his language. He does not even object to a round of swashbuckler boastings—to which the old South was prone enough. But boosting is something else.

I talked with the foreign managers of two corporations that are proving that they know how to handle their foreign business while other American enterprises are bungling theirs. Both employ Southerners for work that entails contact with upper classes and peons, choosing preferably men from Louisiana and Mississippi, where the old plantation life was most imposing.

They have found that the grandsons of those lordly autocrats, who were the American millionaires of their generation, know how to get the work out of peon labor and imported Jamaica labor. The Southerner's inherited paternalistic attitude makes him ride it and like it in one breath. Moreover, his nervous system is acclimated. He has not been brought up to make a fetich of pep until he cannot adapt himself to leisurely ways when he finds leisure at its source. The very pep that get things accomplished in Chicago slows up work in the tropics, where the rhythm of life is otherwise.

### *The Lure of the Feudal*

Nor can the advantage of having been brought up on a sugar plantation—even on a bankrupt one—be overemphasized. The opportunities in those sparsely settled lands to the south of us, with their untapped natural resources, are not to be found in the pretty Parisian cities with their gay plazas and ancient cathedrals, but in the wild regions of what are called the backward countries—on coffee plantations, for instance, in mountain fastnesses rich in ore, in forests where railroads are being built.

It is for the individual to decide whether life in these out-of-the-way places shall be luxurious and paternalistic and feudal, or whether he shall pine for city streets and sounds. It is the city-bred boy who, as the saying is, goes native. The plantation-reared young man knows how to live on a banana hacienda surrounded by servants, in the hospitable fashion of the local gentry, going up to the city at festival times, as the nobles of France used to do in the sixteenth century and mingling in the society of the capital.

If we can learn to use our natural resources of unreconstructed Southerners in autocratic Latin America

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# IS THIS THE EARLIEST HEAD OF CHRIST?

## Sculpture With Face of Suffering, Uncovered at Jerash, Has Important Bearing on Source of Christian Art

IN the ruins of an early Christian church in Jerash, in Transjordania, fifty-five miles northeast of Jerusalem, a British archaeological expedition has unearthed the sculptured head of a bearded man apparently in the throes of great mental suffering. Examination by other experts will be required before any definite pronouncement can be made, but the discoverers of the head believe that it may be found to be a work executed sometime in the second century and the earliest known sculptured representation of Christ.

The head has many manifestations of what later became traditional Christian art. Identification of the Jerash head as that of Christ and its acceptance as having been carved about two hundred years after the crucifixion would be matters of far-reaching importance. The artistic conception of a suffering Christ would be dated several centuries beyond present known earliest examples and the traditional manner of depicting Christ as bearded would be antedated by nearly two centuries. Moreover, the fact that this head was found so near to the Holy Land would have an important bearing upon what might have been local traditions as to Christ's physical appearance.

The accompanying articles descriptive of the discovery, its significance and its surroundings, are by two of the leading members of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem. Professor John Garstang is the director of the school and it was George Horsfield who discovered the head while engaged upon excavation work at Jerash on behalf of the Government of Transjordania.

*By JOHN GARSTANG, F. S. A.*

THE sculptured head recovered by Mr. Horsfield from among the ruins of Jerash arrests attention at once by its marked expression of mental pain, which is studiously delineated and gives it unique character. Those who have seen it in the original, both archaeologists and others, are nearly unanimous in affirming that it is more like the accepted Christ-type than any other.

When we learn, then, from the record of the discovery that the head was, in fact, found in the cloister of a Christian church of the fifth century, with which it had been in contemporary use and ultimately fell, we cannot but conclude that this unique piece of sculpture was set up by the Christian community of Jerash as a representation of Christ.

The profound importance of this conclusion demands special caution in proceeding further; a number of questionings arise at once and must be anxiously considered. Let us have no illusions. Can this really be a portrait of Christ? We know that the Suffering Christ did not become familiar in art as yet for several centuries. Again, though formal representations of Christ as the Good Shepherd are familiar in frescoes of the catacombs as early as the second or third century, the Christ is beardless.

Even in the fourth century the representation of Christ bearded is still rare, but it is not unknown. There are good examples of Roman coffins—for instance, those of Gaul in the Louvre—and there is a special case in mosaic of the same century in the Eglise St. Pudenziana in Rome. It is possible, then, that there were earlier examples—as, indeed, some think.

### *The Date Uncertain.*

Opinions may vary, again, as to the date of the sculpture; but, while some would place it before the Christian era, the bulk of expert opinion will probably agree that it belongs to the latter half of the second century A. D. The treatment of the eyes is a determining feature. On the other hand, the hair and some other details possibly indicate a later date, and some further discovery upon the site may provide criteria altogether new. It would be no more surprising to find a local revival of art under the inspiring force of early Christianity than to find the Suffering of Christ to have been recognised already in the fifth century as a motif in Christian iconography.

But, though the possibility remains, is it not more likely that the head was originally chosen from among the earlier pagan sculptures of the place, or imported specially, as responding to a Christian conception? Speaking generally, it is found on comparison to be more spiritual than Zeus or Poseidon, more emotional than Serapis, sorrowing rather than merely pensive like Asklepios, suffering morally rather than physically like Marsyas bound or the struggling Laokoon.

The Jerash head is, in fact, differentiated from all the familiar classical types. Compared with particular examples it has something in common with the Asklepios from Melos in the British Museum; and in expression, with the bearded god identified with Zeus in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. Other points of contact in detail might be instanced; but the resemblance is not close, and in no case complete, and it fades before the intensity of feeling so carefully brought out in the Jerash head.

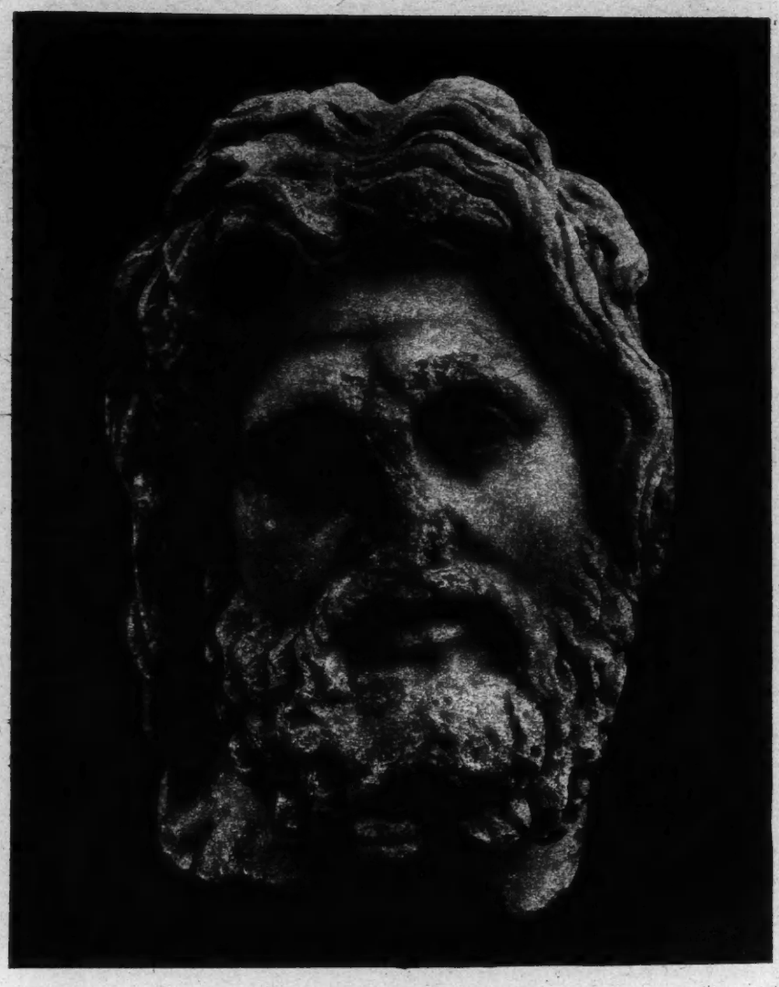
One thing seems clear—that it was fashioned by a great artist who, working upon the established and familiar models of pagan Zeus or Asklepios, glorified them in the realization of an ideal. Did such a genius exist in the fourth or fifth century at Jerash? And was that ideal the suffering of Christ? Only further careful excavation and research can tell. In any case a great gulf is already bridged, and the evidence of further excavation may point to the existence of a continuous tradition, almost a local memory, as to the appearance of Christ.

### *Recent Progress.*

It remains to examine with greater detail the progress of Mr. Horsfield's recent work, which has led to this epoch-making discovery. This has been tending to concentrate latterly upon two features: First, the great gate of the temple area, from which the grand stairway leads up westward, and second, the main street, which soundings had shown to be continuous below the débris. Both features are in urgent need of conservation—the binding together of loosened masonry, the replacing of arches and lintels, in the one; the underpinning of columns and resetting the foundations in the other. Before beginning this work it was necessary to clear away the débris.

At the point where the great gate leads into the main street the accumulation of débris was considerable. Earth washed down the stairway was mixed with fallen masonry and columns, which at this point had been particularly imposing.

Opposite the great gate a causeway originally led eastward, apparently crossing the stream to the eastern part of the town. Columns flanked this road, as throughout the city. At



This Head, Found in the Ruins of a Primitive Christian Church at Jerash, Near Jerusalem, May Be the Earliest Sculptured Head of Christ.

*The Pictures for This Article Are Copyrighted by the New York Times and the Illustrated London News.*

The Asklepios of Melos, now in the British Museum.

An Unknown Barbarian, So-Called Christ, Athens Museum.

A Type of Physical Suffering, the Laokoon, in the Vatican.

The Zeus of Otricoli, Less Spiritual Than the Jerash Head.

FOUR CLASSICAL TYPES WITH WHICH THE JERASH HEAD HAS BEEN COMPARED.

The Street of Columns in Jerash. The Head Was Found at the End of This Street.

some date which remains to be determined, but after the causeway ceased to be used as a thoroughfare, and presumably in the fourth or fifth century, the first part of this road was blocked at the east end by an apse and at the west end by an improvised wall with doorway. A basilica was constructed in which the street columns, still standing, now served to separate the nave from the side aisles. The new building was evidently Christian, but it awaits excavation. In front of the doorway the clearance has gradually disclosed an atrium or cloister, flanked by circular chambers. Of these, that on the northern side has been cleared and found to be a small Christian church or annex, paved with colored tesserae in the well-known mosaic fashion. In the centre there is a short Greek inscription ("Holy is Thy sanctuary * * *"), under a cross, and in the surround are the first three verses of the eighty-sixth Psalm; all the letters are laid in black tesserae, and the whole seems to be a product of the fifth century.

The cloister arose, then, opposite to the older main gate of the temple, and on the east side of the main street and from the cloister there led out, in front, eastward, the basilica, and on the sides, north and south, the two circular annexes, of which that to the north has already been cleared and is of proved Christian origin. The whole reconstructed plan at this point is, in fact, obviously symmetrical, and presumably all dates from the same early Christian epoch. The basilica in particular, with its eastern apse, conforms with the Christian plan. Further clearance will determine that point definitely.

### *Where the Head Was Found*

Between the doorway of the basilica and that of the circular church, nearer to the former, and in the cloister into which both doors open, the head was found lying upon débris about a foot from the floor, and covered with more débris mixed with architectural remains. Near it there was found what seems to have been a round altar festooned in the pagan style, but without inscription or other pagan details. Possibly this may have served as a pedestal, but there is no certainty of this, and only the proximity of discovery suggests the possibility.

Such, briefly, is the evidence which attests that the head was in use contemporaneously with the Christian buildings of the area in which it was found. All Christendom will follow the future work on this site with vital interest, and those who were apathetic before about archaeological excavations will realize the importance of securing further material evidence on these matters. And there is no site more likely.

Those who have examined the Christian churches of Jerash suspect from the superficial indications that the evolution of the Christian liturgy lies buried there, the development of Christian architecture and Christian ritual from the pagan, collaterally maybe, and before Christianity received official recognition. And, if this be the case, did not Christian art and iconography move forward under the same inspiration upon similar lines from a similar origin? Only further research can answer these speculative questions, which none the less have their value, warning us of the caution with which excavation must be done, while demonstrating once for all the unique possibilities of archaeological research and the importance of scientific methods.

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*By GEORGE HORSFIELD*

JERASH from Jerusalem—beyond those distant purple-blue hills of Moab—seems far away, yet, with luck, it is possible to get there in a car in four and one-half hours. The route passes by Jericho, over the Jordan, until, half way between Es-Salt and Amman, the village of Sweileh is reached. From here, by the meekest of turnings, the descent of the road to Jerash is unfolded—a business of ups and downs and almost impossible corners, through remains of forests and over barren ridges, at length descending into the Valley of the Zirka. Here the car becomes an amphibian for a hundred yards; then, with a scramble and creakings, it climbs up the bank and is once more on the road.

The village of Jerash is invisible until arrival at the Bab Amman (the Amman Gate), a triple arch of monumental proportions, most of the architectural members of which lie at its base; about half its height remains, with the skeleton of the main arch. A stone's throw beyond are the remains of the Stadium—now a depression about 250 yards long, surrounded by a withered pile of lichen-gray stones. At the other end, which is semicircular, another semicircle has been added, making a small arena of the part cut off.

### *The Arena's Purpose*

This was done probably owing to some change of habit or the development of some fashion, more cruel than horse racing, which characterized the later period of the Roman Empire; and perhaps properly belongs here the tradition of the Christian martyrdoms, which are related by some writers with reference to another site. The village lies squat and low and flat-roofed deep in the valley, surrounded with gardens and plantations of tall poplar trees shimmering in the breeze and very refreshing to the eyes.

Ancient Jerash was roughly a parallelogram, three-quarters of a mile wide and about a mile long, its greatest length being from east to west, intersected by the stream, which on its western side has a steep bank, partly natural and partly artificial. All the monuments of importance, except two, are on this bank.

Of the finer columns, a few still stand; the others were found lying in heaps, cheek by jowl, in picturesque, bewildering confusion. Now a sector of the road has been cleared, disclosing the Roman pavement, and the columns have been "tidied up." The first monument passed is a public fountain of apsidal form—the Nymphaeum. This, too, was half buried in its ruins, and has now been uncovered; the semi-dome has, however, fallen in with remains of elaborate if rather degenerate ornament.

But it is the plan and layout of the city, its arrangement, that gives it distinction, for the half of the city here is set out for display of wealth and show. One would imagine it a noisy, rattling sort of place, with crowds and traffic in its streets moving in every direction, its porticos and arcades filled with the busy and the idle, much as its simpler and more diminutive successor is today.

Further along is a giant gateway, set back from the colonnade, of which not one column stands at this point except one perilously perched drum which seems set to defy the force of gravity. Lying on its face in front are the arch, pediment and cornice which formerly stood on these columns—raggedly set, but still retaining some of their form in spite of the shock which brought them down. This is the gate of the North Temple. On the other side of the street, on the same axis, are the ruins of a viaduct, possibly an aqueduct, too, which formerly served as the other principal connection with the east and west sides of the city.

It is necessary to grope somewhat to disentangle the relations of the parts and find the order of the colonnade which once surrounded the temple on all sides, represented now by tormented and mutilated fragments; one whole pillar survives with capital complete, standing up from the roughly plowed earth. The whole area is about two-thirds the size of the Haram esh Sherif at Jerusalem. It seems to bear some resemblance to the old Jewish Temple, with its courts, colonnades and gates as described by Josephus, and is probably of about the same date.

Underneath vast galleries have been constructed for temple tithes and dues, contrived in such a manner as to fill out the ground of the main area and so enlarge the high platform. In antiquity this temple dominated this end of the city, just as the South Temple does the other end; so each traveler coming from the south saw first this pile rising in terraces above walls and gateways, approached by its vast flight of steps, which are deftly contrived to be seen in perspective when descending the main street, with the temple against the sky.

This temple is very ruinous, and of all its colonnades but one stands—headless. Its decorations were of marble and probably mosaic, and a grave simplicity prevails; pilasters of fine white stone, set against a background of dark red stone, with capitals probably of gilded bronze, a coffered ceiling of wood and a roof of tiles. The material used for filling the walls is poor; so ruin has overtaken it, and now it is picturesque and perilous.

The Ruins in Which the Head Was Found.

### *The Ruined Theater*

The adjoining South Theatre has invited the curiosity of many travelers. The floor has mostly fallen prey to some stone snatchers. All the entrances are damaged. The whole of the external walls are gone or so buried in débris as to be invisible. The vomitoria in the upper tier are very ruinous and the circle which once crowned the summit is but a jagged edge.

The North Theatre is in a condition even more dangerous, as it is wholly artificial, built on a semicircular gallery which now shows gaps of vast dimensions. Both these monuments were unfortunate in the material chosen for the exterior walls and for their filling. The stone used, so soft and easy to work, turns with time to a fine sand; yet in other cases, when exposed and left free to air and sun it retains its form and strength, assuming a loveliness of tone which is amazing. The thorough establishment on the west is a heap of stones from crashed-in vaults and tumbled walls; with a few fragments remaining, one room showing the early use of pendentives to support a fully developed dome.

The great wall surrounding the city is all a ruin. To the east it is best preserved, showing many square projections, set at exact intervals, and the half of a buried gate. Another gate

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# "JIM" REED OF MISSOURI LOVES A FIGHT

## Senator's Successes Have Been Achieved in "Lost Causes"—Campaign Fund Inquiry Has Added to His Prestige

By A. H. ULM

OF James A. Reed, senior United States Senator from Missouri, a sympathetic observer has said: "He may sometimes forget to be a politician but he never forgets to be a fighter." The Senator from Missouri is now in a position to say "Show me" to all who lately have had, or this year will have, to do with political money chests. He is Chairman and chief "prosecutor" of the Senate committee which is investigating the spending of campaign funds. The revelations of huge expenditures in Pennsylvania and Illinois are largely the work of Reed.

Concurrently, the Missouri Senator stands out as a national leader of the anti-prohibitionists, or, rather, anti-Volsteaders, although he terms "slanderous" the super-wet rating frequently given to him. Moreover, during the recent session of Congress Reed's stature as a leader in the Senate rose perceptibly. This was indicated by the augmented attention which his speech-making efforts, hitherto discounted, attracted on all sides.

Thus, does "fighting" win even when it loses; for not since he entered the Senate in 1911 has the Missouri Senator ever been more identified with losing sides than during the recent session. Three of his biggest efforts—opposition to the World Court, the Administration's tax program and the debts settlements—failed in all but one significant particular. In each of them Reed achieved the opposition leadership. He gained ascendency even over Senator William E. Borah in the fight over United States membership in the World Court. Borah and Reed, it should be said, are the last of the original "irreconcilables" of the League of Nations conflict who survive as such.

### *Started With "the Goats"*

Reed's career has been one largely of individual successes achieved in fighting for "lost causes." His is distinctively a career of personal success built principally on his best talent—a Dantonesque one for carrying on a scrap. Born in Ohio, taken at an early age to Iowa, left fatherless while still a child, starting out in life without means, Reed's life has been all but a continuous fight.

He settled down in Kansas City, Mo., two years after qualifying to be a lawyer, lined up with the local political faction known as the "Goats," and since then has been storming ramparts with the banners generally of apparent minorities. Yet he has been almost continuously in public office since he entered Kansas City politics and, with one qualified exception, has never been defeated as a candidate before the electorate. In nearly every campaign he had to meet stiff opposition, which reached a climax in 1922 when the principal opposing force he had to deal with came from Woodrow Wilson.

Fighting has been his work, his diversion, his joy throughout a long public career. It marked the conduct of his second public office, that of prosecuting attorney. He used to set forth in his Congressional record biography the fact that of 287 persons arraigned for crimes by him as prosecutor 285 were convicted. In that office, as in other capacities since then, he followed the rule of Danton, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace"—be daring, continue to be daring, always be daring.

There are two stories which illustrate his dramatic sense. As prosecutor he was trying what was known as the Bailey case, in which several cab drivers who had been on strike were arraigned for the murder of a "scab." At an opportune moment when addressing the jury, Reed grabbed from a table the shabby coat which the murdered man had worn when slain, slipped it on and pointing to a hole therein exclaimed:

"See where the bullet fired from the gun of these murderers entered the body of the man now dead!" And he wore the coat until he finished speaking.

During one of the State-wide political campaigns Reed was warned against going into a section of the Ozark Mountains, where feeling against him was strong. He was told that if he went there he would be shot. He went at once—alone; made a speech, at the conclusion of which he said:

"I am going to walk down the middle aisle of this hall and if anyone wants to shoot me let him fire away. I'm going to my room at the hotel across the road. The door of my room will be open and all visitors will be welcome."

One of his severest critics during the period of his ascendency in local Kansas City politics was The Kansas City Star, then under the direction of its founder, the late "Baron Bill" Nelson.

Nelson fought Reed when he was a Mayor of Kansas City, during the time when all brave Mayors were expected to war on traction interests and fight for such things as five-cent fares, which Reed did successfully.

He ran for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri in 1904, and had he won it he would have been matched, in the general compaign, against the late Joseph W. Folk, another man who walked upward politically as a prosecutor. Reed withdrew before the primary occurred, but too late for his name to be taken off the ballot. In 1910 he won the Democratic nomination for United States Senator over David R. Francis, and won easily in the general election.

His early period in the Senate was marked by a leaning toward reform, and sometimes by an attitude which for sentiment contrasts with that of later days. With Borah, he was the leading advocate in the Senate of the United States Children's Bureau, but in late years the bureau has been anathema to Reed. Opponents of the measure, notably Heyburn of Idaho and Bailey of Texas, argued for State rights and against bureaucracy. A score of Reed's speeches in later years are but paraphrases of what Heyburn said then; and Borah has repeated many times virtually what Bailey said in opposition on that occasion.

Reed was for choosing Champ Clark as Democratic Presidential candidate in 1912 and presented the name of his fellow-Missourian to the Baltimore Convention. He accepted with grace the nomination of Woodrow Wilson and managed the Democratic Party's Western headquarters in the campaign. During Wilson's first term he played with the party and the Administration part of it, not with absolute regularity, but so fully that there was no formal break until after the campaign of 1916, and the prospect of war with Germany, for which, it was commented, Reed and his district "had no stomach."

The break evolved into a feud. Some Wilsonians say it was rooted in differences as to patronage. After the Democratic victory, Reed, it is said, asked as a personal favor that an old campaign manager of his be appointed postmaster at St. Louis. Wilson granted the request as a special consideration. Later, in naming the original one, Wilson nominated for membership on the Federal Reserve Board an old Princeton classmate to whom Reed objected. Wilson, it is said, appealed to Reed on "peculiarly personal" grounds, but the Missourian persisted in his opposition to the point where the nomination had to be withdrawn.

After that there was undoubted coolness between the two and specific differences on Missouri patronage did develop. Reed denies that these had anything to do with his subsequent opposition to Wilson's policies.

He was not among the "wilful twelve" whom Wilson denounced not long before the country entered the war, for which move Reed voted, largely on the ground, according to his speech at the time, that the President asked that it be made. He supported the Administration's early war measures, even the draft. On the Food Control bill, and especially Herbert Hoover for its administration as a law, he broke away entirely from Wilson, and became relentlessly antagonistic.

### *The Parallel With Borah*

Since then Reed has been—save for titular adherence to the Democratic Party—a free lance, much like, yet unlike, the Republican free lance William E. Borah. The latter has pretended to be no more than a nominal Republican and never displays antipathy toward the Democratic Party as such. As a Democrat per se Reed probably is more fervent than before he began free lancing. It is the party and not himself, as he sees it, that is out of step when he disagrees with it. And he never wavers in his anti-Republicanism. As to the majority of his Democratic confrères in the Senate he said not long ago:

"When Coolidge can take them by one ear and lead them into the World Court and when Mellon can take them by the other ear and lead them into Wall Street, it is time for somebody to apply the boot."

For nearly ten years now, an element in the Democratic Party has been trying to "apply the boot" to Reed himself. He was figuratively thrown out of the 1920 Missouri Democratic Convention and the national one, too. The fight on him for re-election in 1922 came predominately from within the party.

"I shall hope and confidently expect to see him repudiated by the Democrats at the primaries," wrote Woodrow Wilson at the beginning of that fight. "Certainly Missouri cannot afford to be represented by such a marplot."

Reed carried on a one-man fight for a renomination and won and then won again by a handsome majority in the general election.

His break with dominant elements in his own party was no more decisive than has been his opposition to dominant non-partisan enterprises which have functioned successfully since he became a superfree lance. He fought both the Prohibition and the Woman Suffrage amendments to the Constitution and

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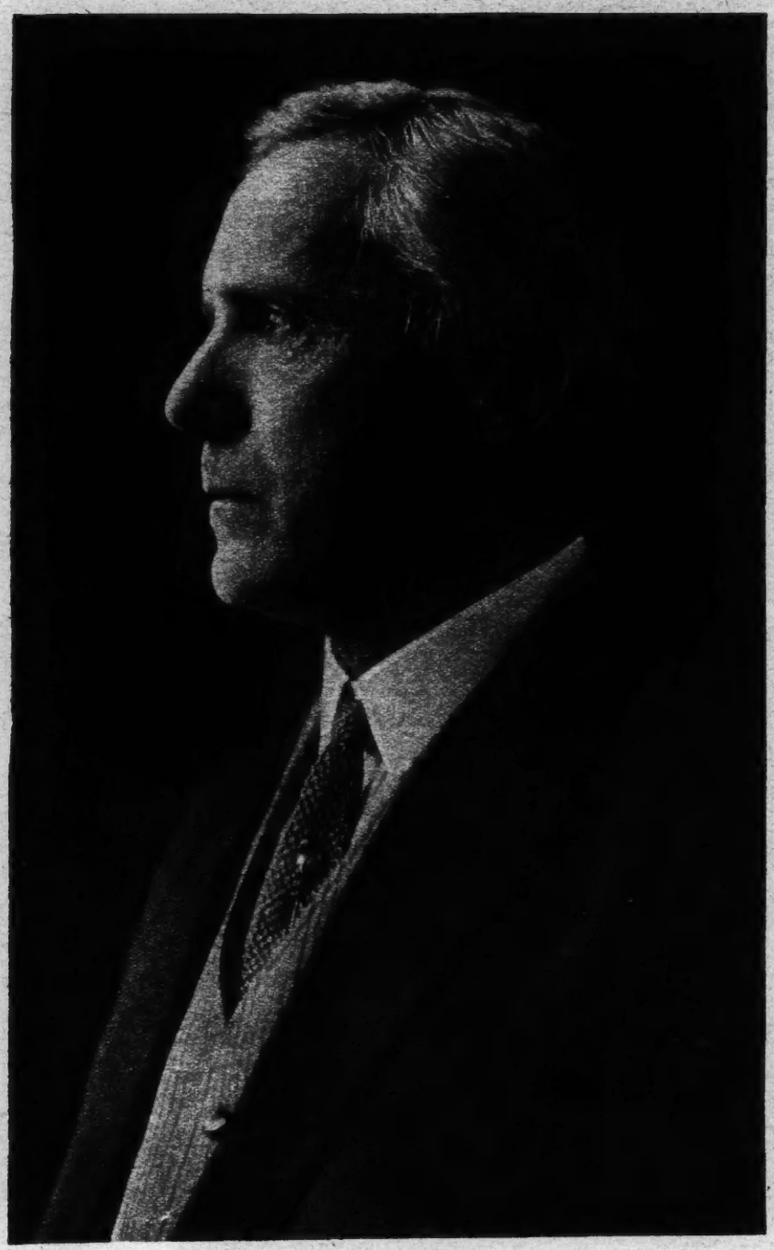

Senator James A. Reed.

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# KEMAL IS TURKEY'S PETER THE GREAT

## Lives of Autocrats Who Set Out to Modernize Their Realms Show Strange Parallels

*By P. W. WILSON*

ON the sea front of Smyrna recently swept by fire there rise, grim and stark, thirteen ominous tripods. They are Turkish gibbets, and from each of them the light of a recent day has thrown on the street itself the dark shadow of a swinging body. Scores of alleged conspirators, either arrested or fearing arrest, tremble with dread of a similar fate.

Those thirteen gibbets mean that history is repeating itself. And the parallel of history happens in this case to be at once curious and complete. Analyze the career of Kemal the Ghasi, or Glorious, and you will see in him the successor to none other than Peter the Great. Peter also used the gallows. He and Kemal have talked the same language of authority and they would have understood each other perfectly.

If these men of destiny both had to be at times a trifle rough in their treatment of criticism, it is because they tackled a task which time itself could scarcely accomplish. Each of these rulers in his day took a slice of Asia and tried to turn it into a bit of Europe. Each of them wished to make the East look like the West.

### *Same Paths to the Noose*

To Peter the East was Muscovy, or Russia. To Kemal the East is Turkey. And of Muscovy and Turkey it may be said that each is as far east as the other. Peter's problem and Kemal's problem are in this respect at least identical. And their solutions were similar, including the gallows.

For there are always people who do not want to be made different. And those old-fashioned Asiatics who lacked the ambition to look like Europeans had to be stimulated. It is often assumed that the Old persecutes the New. But in Russia under Peter and in Turkey under Kemal it has been the New that persecuted the Old. Eager youth was intolerant of sedate antiquity.

As a disciplinarian Peter the Great thus acted as Kemal acts, only a little more so. In Moscow conspirators were not merely hanged. They were extended on the rack and dissected limb from limb, after which the bits were bound to poles in public as a warning to any who needed it.

Indeed, Peter not only practiced capital punishment, but embellished it. There was the famous banquet when a conspirator, awaiting execution, was served up with each flagon of wine. That evening Peter drank to eighteen toasts and with every health that he honored he cut off a head. Requested to assist, some Ambassadors failed to be thus skillful.

In character the two autocrats might be twins. Of Peter it may be said, of course, that he was born to autocracy, while Kemal had to win it. But in actual fact both these men were self-made. Both stooped to learn of the West in order that they might teach the East. Both based their ambition on personal merit.

To a Romanoff of Peter's period the divine right of kings usually ended in death. The succession was merely a matter of ability to survive. Peter was no more than the third son of his father, the Czar, and that by a second wife. And even he had no friend but fate. For safety, they hurried the infant to the Troitski Convent. And as the purser raised his sword another soldier said, "Comrade, not before the altar."

Peter, like Kemal, knew, therefore, what it felt like to be out of favor. There were tombs available, both for the dead and the living. Knowledge was to Peter, therefore, the only power worth having. He would not try to sail a ship until first he had served as cabin boy, swabbing the decks, brushing the captain's clothes, lighting his pipe, cooking his dinner, mixing his gin, waiting on his table and obeying his command to go aloft to the masthead.

Peter the Great.

Mustapha Kemal.
*By Professor O. Feldman.*

He thus enforced on others no duty more humiliating than had been his own hard education. Even for his son and heir duty was the only test. And when the Prince Alexis displayed incompetence, a loving father entrapped him, put him on trial, had him condemned, and was so solicitous for his failing health that he ordered the court apothecary to "make the potion strong," which medicine immediately induced a fit of apoplexy.

Peter preferred to bequeath Russia to a young Livonian captive, called Martha, of no family and no morals, but of an ability to reign as the Empress Catherine the Great.

### *Power From Opportunity*

And so with Kemal. In a decadent Turkey, he has stood for efficiency. The Turk, like the Cossack, is always a soldier, but for Kemal, as for Peter, to be a soldier was not enough. Their soldiering was also science. It meant that in the army of the Sultan Kemal was perilously unpopular. It also meant that, emulating Peter at the Battle of Pultowa, he drove the Greeks into the Aegean.

Both Peter and Kemal rose to supreme power at the precise moment of opportunity. In ancient times Asia had spread westward into Europe. But Europe was now spreading eastward into Asia. In Turkey, as in Russia, the Orient was crumbling. All that the autocrat had to do was to give a final push to the tottering edifice. Out of the collapse a civilization was to emerge.

About ethics the autocrats did not worry. What they believed was that "manners makyth man." It was Peter who ordered the Russian to shave his beard. It is Kemal who cropped the hair of the police and also shaved their faces. It was Peter who took the long Russian cloak and cut it to the fashion of Paris. It is Kemal who substitutes any Western hat that you like for the Eastern fez that has so long been universal. Literally, it became the fact that you might wear the costume, whether of Russia or Turkey, but only somewhere else. To wear that costume in Turkey or Russia itself meant a special tax, imprisonment or death.

Neither of the reformers neglected the ladies. It was Peter who, in Russia, summoned the women from their seclusion, insisting that they drop the veil, that they appear in public, and that the custom of selecting a wife at a kind of beauty competition be discontinued and a courtship of at least six weeks arranged. It is Kemal who has abolished the veil in Turkey, enforced the Swiss code of monogamy, and confirmed the gradual transformation of the latticed harem into the European kind of home.

### *Decreed Gaiety*

Both the autocrats did their utmost to develop a high society. In Moscow Peter the Great insisted on families entertaining in European style. There were edicts which ordered dinner parties and receptions, with music and the card table and conversation and dancing. So is it at Angora. There is a gayety in that city which starts at dusk and ends only at dawn. And exactly as in Russia two centuries ago, ladies find themselves blushing like débutantes in evening dress. And Turish men now try to look at ease in the tuxedo.

Here then has been a conversion to the externals of Christendom. Whether Peter the Great or Kemal the Glorious ever experienced a change of heart may be doubted. Their adopted culture might be of Europe, but it was still Asia that inflamed their passions. Both men, while disclaiming polygamy as an institution, were stern husbands.

The wife of Peter's youth was the Empress Eudoxia. And Mustapha Kemal married Latifeh Hanum, daughter of a wealthy merchant in

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Angora, Kemal's Capital
*Times Wide World Photo.*

Left—Eleanora Duse, in "La Citta Morta."

# FRIENDS PUT INTO FICTION ARE APT TO BECOME ENEMIES

## H. G. Wells's Plan to Use Real People as Characters in a Novel Has Been Tried Before, Often With Disastrous Results to the Author

Right—Georges Sand.

*Courtesy Kennedy & Co.*

*By JOHN CARTER*

GENERALLY authors borrow heavily from the personality of their acquaintances, and many a bon mot, many a profound thought expressed over the dinner table, finds its way into next season's best seller. As a rule, however, authors are cautious in the matter of importing their friends wholesale. In the first place, it is one of those habits which make friendship so perishable. In the second place, it may lead to a libel suit. In the third place, it is distinctly lazy. The dividing line between life and literature is lightly drawn, to be sure, but it exists, and any attempt to move objects across the invisible frontier is keenly resented by every one concerned.

Recent advices from London indicate that H. G. Wells contemplates a bigger and better novel, entitled "The World or William Clissold," a startling feature of which is the inclusion of living people under their true names, among them Dr. Jung, George Bernard Shaw and John Maynard Keynes. Wells's apology for this innovation maintains that, "You cannot have a man like William Clissold going about the world of today and never meeting anybody one has ever heard of." Nevertheless, Mr. Keynes and Mr. Shaw would seem to have some rights in the matter, and unless Mr. Wells is exceedingly careful in his treatment of the indefatigable statistician and the bristly Hibernian playwright he may hear from their respective solicitors.

In putting his friends into his book Wells is returning to an earlier attempt along the same line. In his first period of novel-writing Wells drew heavily upon his friends for material, satirizing the Labor economists, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, in "The New Machiavelli." And the appearance of "Boon" in 1915 contained a certain parody of Henry James which both bewildered and offended that artificer of labyrinthian prose. James wrote a letter of mild protest, which drew from Wells the apologetic statement that "Boon" was "just a waste-paper basket. * * * But since it was printed I have regretted a hundred times that I did not express our profound and incurable difference and contrast with a better grace."

James's reply, dated July 10, 1915, remarked acidly: "I am bound to tell you that I don't think your letter makes out any sort of case for the bad manners of 'Boom,' as far as your indulgence in them at the expense of your poor old H. J. is concerned. * * * Your comparison of the book to a waste-basket strikes me as the reverse of felicitous, for what one throws into that receptacle is exactly what one doesn't commit to publicity and make the affirmation of one's estimate of one's contemporaries by." Wells's answer to this gentle broadside has never been made public.

The ethics of such procedure have never been rightly determined. For there are two ways of handling acquaintances. In one instance you can attack them; in another you can give them a puff. In the good virile days of Tobias Smollett the attack was more the fashion than the puff. As Chesterton observed of eighteenth century censorship and nineteenth century license, under the restrictions of the eighteenth century, you could write, "The Pr-nce of W-l-s is a profligate and a liar," while under the freedom of the nineteenth century you could write, "The Prince of Wales is a model family man."

### *Smollett's Old Grudges*

Smollett was a vigorous pamphleteer, and carried his literary animosities over into his novels. For example, in "Peregrine Pickle" he lampooned Henry Fielding for his marriage to his cook, satirized Akenside, the scholar; referred to Garrick as "a parasite and buffoon," called Lyttelton "a dunce," attacked Newcastle, Bute and Pitt and mocked the King and the "sweet Princes of the royal blood." In "The Regicide" he continued his attack with a vigorous arraignment of theatrical managers in general and Garrick and Lord Chesterfield in particular.

As the eighteenth century yielded to the gentility of Victorianism a change came over the spirit of the dream, and the puff became predominant. Disraeli's "Manfred" drew a romatic picture of Baron Rothschild in the character Sidonia. Thackeray tried to return to the attack by putting Hereford into "Vanity Fair" as the wicked Marquis Steyne, originally under his own name. However, the attack became outmoded. No longer was it safe to use the novel as a vehicle even for mild abuse, as Du Maurier was to learn to his cost in the case of "Trilby."

In the original version of "Trilby," published in Harper's in 1894, Du Maurier avenged himself on James McNeill Whistler for one of the latter's spiteful witticisms.

Du Maurier explained the incident as follows: "Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Wilde (Oscar) happening to meet in the rooms where Mr. Whistler was holding his first exhibition of Venice etchings, the latter brought the two face to face and, taking each by the arm, inquired: 'I say, which one of you two invented the other, eh?' The obvious retort to that, on my part, would have been that, if he did not take care, I would invent him, but he had slipped away before either of us could get a word out."

Accordingly, "Trilby" contained a burlesque of Whistler, under the name of Joe Sibley, with drawings which left no doubt of the painter's identity. A passage in the novel described Joe Sibley (or Whistler) as "'the Idle Apprentice,' the King of Bohemia, le roi des truands, to whom everything was forgiven, as to François Villon, à cause de ses gentillesses * * * always in debt * * * vain, witty, and a most exquisite and original artist * * * with an unimpeachable moral tone * * * also eccentric in his attire * * * the most irresistible friend in the world as long as his friendship lasted—but that was not forever * * * his enmity would take the simple and straightforward form of trying to punch his ex-friend's head; and, when the ex-friend was too big, he would get some new friend to help him. * * * His bark was worse than his bite * * * he was better with his tongue than his fists. * * * But, when he met another joker, he would collapse like a pricked bladder. He is now perched on such a topping pinnacle (of fame and notoriety combined) that people can stare at him from two hemispheres at once."

This sort of thing was all very well when Whistler said it, but he could not bear ridicule of any kind from another. He immediately protested to the editor of Harper's, who, in accord with the lavender and old-lace traditions of the age of William Dean Howells, promptly had the offending passages deleted and Joe Sibley's name changed to Anthony. Whistler made the most of his petty triumph and, according to the late Joseph Pennell, dismissed the incident in these insolent and characteristic terms:

"Well, you know, what would have happened to the new Thackeray if I hadn't been willing? But I was gracious, and I gave my approval to the sudden appearance in the story of an Anthony, tall and stout and slightly bald. The dangerous resemblance was gone. And I wired—well, you know, ha! ha!—I wired to them over in America, 'Compliments and complete approval of author's new and obscure friend, Bald Anthony!'"

While English literature was thus being emasculated of personalities, on the Continent, particularly in France, there was springing up an entirely new type of novel. This was known as the roman à clef—the Novel with a Key. These books were built around a personality, or an incident in the private lives of a personality, in the literary world, and those in the know were—well!—in the know, while those outside saw merely what was outside.

### *Some Capitalized Episodes*

As the literary critic of the Paris Temps points out, George Sand and Alfred de Musset provide a notable instance of the possibilities of this cryptographic literature. The author and the poet went on a pagan honeymoon to Venice. There De Musset fell ill, he and George Sand had a quarrel, and the latter deserted him for the superior attractions of the Italian physician who was summoned to the bedside of the ailing lover. The literary possibilities of such a situation were too attractive to miss. Accordingly, George Sand celebrated the incident in her novel, "She and He." Alfred de Musset presented his side of the story in the "Confessions of a Child of the Century" and used the stuff all over again in his "New Poems." George Sand was used to that sort of thing, however, and put another of her lovers, the musician Chopin, into "Lucrezia Floriani" under the name of Prince Karol. Her own personality was so appealing that Balzac put her into several novels under the name of Camille des Touche.

The most notorious instance in this Key Novel in recent European literature is provided by Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Il Fuoco" ("Fire"). According to the legend, d'Annunzio decided that a love affair with Eleanora Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, would provide him with wonderful copy for a new novel. With this object in view, he is understood to have made love to Duse. After the "infatuation" was over, Duse learned that d'Annunzio was incorporating his affair in a new novel. She is said to have urged him to name a price to suppress publication and he is said to have

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James McNeill Whistler, by Walter Greaves.
*Exhibited at the Arthur Ackermann Galleries, New York.*

Looking From the Bastion of Fort Ticonderoga Toward the Grenadier's Battery, Where the Original Fort Vaudreuil Was Built in 1755.

# HISTORY IS ALIVE AT FORT TICONDEROGA

## Its Growing Museum Brings Together Indian, Frenchman, Englishman and American in a Romantic Picture

By MARY LEE

AMERICA the wilderness, America of the pioneers, America a province of the French King, British Colonial America, Revolutionary America, all seem to come magically to life again as one wanders through the museum of the old Fortress of Ticonderoga, once the key position to the invasion of New York from Canada, and of Canada from the Hudson Valley.

Twenty years ago the old fort was a pile of crumbling ruins, topped by the roofless stone buildings of the barracks, which were filled to the level of the gaping windows with the débris of a century before. Today, thanks to the efforts of Stephen Pell of New York, and his father-in-law, Colonel Robert M. Thompson, the rebuilt West Barracks contain an ever-growing historical collection, from Indian scalps and medieval armor of the time of Samuel de Champlain, down to the curling irons with which the French and British officers of a century and a half later curled their wigs. Mr. Pell hopes to be able to repair the South Barracks to house his Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary collections, and to use the West Barracks as a library, where students of American history can come to study his collection of 2,000 rare books and manuscripts of the Revolution era.

"I don't like to say that we have 'restored' the fort," Mr. Pell explains. "I would rather say that we have repaired it. The walls were tumbling down, but most of the stones were found right where they fell. What we did was to pick them up and put them together again, that's all."

### *Historic Exactitude*

Yet, that is not quite all, you feel as you walk through the fortress today. The "putting together" has been done with a keen feeling for historical fitness, a certain sympathy for the Frenchmen and the Britishers and the Colonials who struggled there. Since its repair, in 1909, the parts of Ticonderoga which had been carried away beyond recovery have been gradually replaced by other remains of the same period, brought by Mr. and Mrs. Pell from France and England. One might say it was a rebirth rather than mere restoration. Then, too, Ticonderoga has escaped that onrush of modern civilization which is apt to swamp the places sacred to American history.

Lake Champlain, with the blue line of the Green Mountains against the sky to the east and with the forest-covered foothills of the Adirondacks touching its western shore, looks much today as it did when Samuel de Champlain clambered out of a canoe at Ticonderoga, in 1609, to fire his arquebus at the terrified Iroquois. The wooded slopes of Mount Defiance tower above the ramparts of the old fort as they did when General Phillips of Burgoyne's army told his artillerymen that "where a goat could go a man could go, and where a man could go he could pull a gun up after him." You can sense the surprise of the Americans in the fortress when they saw the scarlet coats of the Britishers up there where Defiance touches the sky. In the woods behind the fort you can still walk through the trenches that Montcalm's soldiers dug in 1758, barricading them with felled trees, the barbed wire of their day.

The guns that point today across the rebuilt ramparts were presented to Mr. Pell by the British Government, to take the place of those that the Continental troops, with eighty yoke of oxen, hauled across the snows of the Green Mountains to Boston in 1775. They were cast in the Woolwich Arsenal in 1770, and bear the monogram of George III. On either side of the massive archway that leads to the inner fortress stands a French bronze cannon, cast in 1702 for the Duc du Maine, son of Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan. The guns are named, after the dramatic fashion of the French, "L'Excellent" standing on one side, "Le Courageux" on the other. They bear the salamanders of Francis I, and the crest of the Duc de Maine, a bar sinister among the lilies of France.

### *Story of Three Flags*

Three flags fly above the massive archway leading to the fort, each one recalling a bit of its history. In the centre flies the Royal Standard of France, for the French kings claimed this part of the country for 150 years—as long as the United States has claimed it. The flag recalls the greatest battle at Ticonderoga, in 1758, when the largest army ever seen in America, 10,000 British regulars, and 5,000 Colonials under Abercrombie, were defeated by 3,500 Frenchmen under Montcalm. On the left flies the British Union Jack of George III, for the next year the French evacuated the fort, turning it over to Sir Geoffrey Amherst, who took it in the name of King George. On the right the flag of the Thirteen Colonies recalls the May morning in 1775 when Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold pounded at the postern gate behind you in the lower wall.

Go back, for a minute, to the foot of the steps where that sleepy British sentry stood in the dawn of that May morning, behind the oaken door. For six years nothing had happened round the old fort, and after repairing it the British had left it to a garrison of forty-eight men. So the sentry opened the gate, and was pushed aside by the leader of eighty-three men, who pushed past him, up the steps, under the stone archway into the Place d'Armes. Here they lined up, and put up such a shout that the British captain stumbled out of the upper doorway of the barracks, which is now the entrance of the museum, and stood on the upper step of the outside stair. You can almost see him there now, blinking, wondering who these fellows were who had lined up so grimly in the courtyard, calling on him to surrender. There was no war on, so far as Captain Delaplace knew. Surrender the King's garrison in the name of whom, pray?

"In the name of the Great Jehovah," called Ethan Allen, "and the Continental Congress!"

So the Britishers, who did not know there was a war, found themselves suddenly prisoners before those great fireplaces in the lower rooms of the East Barracks, which you can see today. And among the Green Mountain Boys, according to Ethan Allen's account of it, "the bowl flowed freely." Ethan Allen wrote two accounts of the capture of Ticonderoga—one under the exhilaration of "bowl," in which the Green Mountain Boys stormed the earthworks, with enormous bravery, and captured the fort. Later he wrote another, more sober, story. Only eighty-three of the Green Mountain Boys could come, it seems, to the capture of Ticonderoga, because boats were very scarce, so the rest of them waited on the Vermont shore. The second account of the battle is among Mr. Pell's manuscripts.

You walk up the outside stairs and through the stone door from which the British captain looked down that May morning. Here, behind models of French and British and Revolutionary soldiers in uniform, behind the pikes and halberds and rifles and muskets that they carried, are crowded Mr. Pell's books and manuscripts. What fun students and historians will some day have among those manuscripts when Mr. Pell has completed his plans for the library!

### *And Love Letters, Too*

They will find here the original order of Vaudreuil for the erection of the original French fort in 1755, and out the window they can look toward the Grenadier's Battery on the end of promontory—part of the remains of that fort. Or they can delve among the papers of Major Robert Rogers, leader of the Rangers, who harried the 2,000 French workmen who built the fort, tying notes to the horns of their cattle thanking them for those that he had taken and driven away. Twenty of Rogers's love letters to the lady who later became his wife are now being transcribed by Mr. Pell's secretary.

Or the historians can go through the original papers of Jonathan Potts, Philadelphia physician, who was Surgeon General of the Continental Army for Canada and Lake George at the time that Burgoyne captured Ticonderoga in 1777. Potts's commission, signed by John Hancock, is among the documents. Burgoyne's copy of the orders of capitulation is here. And here is a long order about the Crown Point expedition of 1755, written by some military scribe, and signed, with rather apparent diffi-

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The Northwest Bastion and the Rebuilt West Barracks.

# MIGHTY HUNTERS RETELL STRANGE TALES

## Members of the Shikar Club Gather Once a Year in London to Swap Yarns of the Chase

At the End of a Tiger Hunt.

*By LIEUT. COL. P. T. ETHERTON*

MIGHTY hunters all the world over have ever been regarded with a certain admiration, for forest, hill and plain have a fascination, and the wild game found there is a certain lure. Many tribes and races in various parts of the earth make it a condition that their young men shall by prowess in the hunting field prove their right to be admitted to the ranks of men and warriors. The Arabs have a proverb that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the span of life, and that at the day of reckoning the mighty hunter will be a privileged person.

London has many clubs and societies devoted to various objects, but none is more famous than the Shikar Club, whose members meet but once a year. It is a great rally, for they come from all parts of the world, many of them fresh from stirring deeds accomplished in the lands of big game, and with tales as glamourous as an Eastern fairy story. Shikar, a Persian word, is a term denoting all forms of the pursuit of games, and shikari means a hunter.

This famous club was founded by Lord Lonsdale about sixteen years ago, with the idea of bringing together the mighty hunters of the white race. Its founder is one of the best-known sportsmen in the world, and in bringing the club into being he wished to develop the social side of sport, to gather together camp fire chums—the old-time hunter and the young aspirant who has just won his spurs, empire-maker, soldier and civilian; in a word, to cement friendships and revive memories of golden days.

### *High Standard Set*

The club maintains the standard of sportsmanship, for squandered bullets and swollen game bags do not appeal to it. The test lies rather in a love of forest, mountain and desert; in acquired knowledge of the habits of animals; in the strenuous pursuit of a wary and dangerous quarry; in the instinct for a well-devised approach to a fair shooting distance; and, what is more important, in the patient retrieving of a wounded animal. These, and such as these, are the ideals of the members of the Shikar Club; and only those who prove their title as big-game hunters in its nobler sense can gain admittance to its ranks.

Presiding over the destinies of the club is King George himself, with the Duke of Connaught as Vice President and the Earl of Lonsdale as Chairman. The King is regarded as one of the best shots in the world. He has achieved the feat of shooting four pheasants with four successive shots so quickly that the first bird had not reached the ground when the fourth was shot.

In the shoot for big game arranged by the Maharaja of Nepaul when King George went to India in 1911, 634 elephants were employed for the shooting party. Thirty-nine tigers were bagged, of which the King got twenty-one. It is said that he never missed even the most difficult shots at extreme angles; and such is his eye that he bagged several when only a fleeting glance of the tiger was obtainable.

Two of the rare Indian rhinoceroses were shot; difficult beasts to get, owing to the high jungle—as much as fifteen feet high in grass—and the rapidity with which the rhino moves, but the King got both.

In the shoots for imperial sand grouse in India—an exceptionally difficult bird to bag—the King constantly took rights and lefts with never a miss, while many other crack shots were missing both single and double shots all the time.

In Scotland his finest performances, which he constantly repeats, is to take two grouse coming toward him, one when overhead, and two going away, five in all, the feat requiring rapidity of action, unerring aim and steadiness of nerve. King George is, therefore, a fitting President of the Shikar Club.

The annual gathering, when the Shikaris assemble from the four corners of the earth to fight their battles over again, is always held on "Oaks" night in the Derby week. The true atmosphere of the chase is preserved in the club, and there is not a country on the face of the globe where one at least of the shikaris has not penetrated and brought back a trophy.

### *Far-Flung Exploits*

If the exploits of its members were to be recorded they would make a remarkable book; for, from the King himself down to the last-joined, there are tales of adventure and derring-do. The Chairman has hunted moose in the wilds of Alaska; Lord Lovat has many a noble head to his credit, and so have the Duke of Roxburgh and the Duke of Sutherland, who owns nearly two hundred thousand acres in Scotland. Another great shikari rode from British Columbia to Mexico, and yet another crossed Asia from India to Russia, Germany and England, a journey in search of sport that occupied twelve months.

Small wonder then that the shikaris have brought back striking sidelights on native hunting beliefs. There are, for example, the man-eating lions of East Africa that stalk the hunter as warily as cat and mouse, and then lie up in wait near camp until the shades of night have closed in. When the hunter fondly imagines all is well, that is the moment for which the lion has been waiting; once the camp is wrapped in slumber, he creeps forth from his lair to tackle his prey in its very bed.

The shikaris tell of encounters with tigers in Eastern jungles. One such charged my own elephant in the dense jungle met with in Central India; I had wounded it the previous night, and from dawn until it burst forth on the elephant—a roaring mass of teeth, sinewy limbs and bristling whiskers—we had been conscious of its nearness. Soon after daybreak I had picked up the trail again and followed it through the forest—a faint drop of blood on a leaf here, the mark of a paw in the soft ground there—until all trace of the beast was lost. We were then in a clearing above a ditch some twelve feet deep and ten feet broad. Into this I descended, hoping to pick up the trail. I knelt to examine the ground, and there, sure enough, was a leaf with a speck of blood, quite fresh. Undoubtedly, the tiger had passed that way not long before.

Immediately behind me was a native tracker, and as I raised my eyes to glance around and show him the leaf, I spotted the tiger looking intently at me from under a bush we afterward found was fourteen paces distant and moving very slowly in my direction. Now, it is well known that if you look fixedly at a wild animal and do not attempt to dash away it will be temporarily nonplused and so give you an opportunity to retreat while it is making up its mind what you are going to do and what it intends to do itself. This does not take very long. No time must be wasted.

I remember passing in flashlight review the two courses open to me, hemmed in as I was by a deep ditch with no chance of putting up a favorable fight. The first was that I could fire at the tiger. If I missed, or only wounded him again, nothing could save me from a deadly tussle with the infuriated beast. The other was to look at him as fixedly as the ground and the tension of the moment allowed, retreating slowly up the bank of the ditch where I could rejoin the elephants, some seventy yards away.

I followed the latter course and got safely to the top. The native tracker signed to the others to take to the trees, which they did with amazing celerity, while I climbed on to my elephant. We then cruised around the top of the ditch, looking down into it, but there was no sign of the tiger. The earth might have swallowed him up, so completely had he disappeared. For two hours we moved around, searching the long grass and every nook and cranny over a wide radius; but you must know the Indian jungles and their denizens to appreciate how a tiger or panther can efface itself.

### *A Tawny Chaos*

At last, when the burning May sun had climbed into a blue sky and was casting shadows across the trees, I nudged the mahout, or elephant driver, and directed him campward. He, in his turn, gave the elephant a prod; the huge animal started forward; and within four paces kicked up against the tiger.

A tawny mass rose up—a chaos of gleaming teeth, viciously laid-back ears and such roaring as only a wounded tiger can emit. The elephant was terrified, for the tiger was making desperate efforts to climb up on to its head while I was struggling to deliver the knockout shot. The elephant swung around and bolted, but the tiger, never losing his grip, hung on to the side. So there we were, myself almost dislodged by the sudden turn, and swinging like the pendulum of a clock, the tiger alongside roaring in my ear, the bolting elephant in full cry through the jungle, and the mahout calling loudly upon Allah to save us. Fortune favored us, for a mighty kick from the elephant, aided by the friendly branches of trees, swept the tiger from his perch as we raced through the jungle. But a second elephant had to be requisitioned to round up the

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An Elephant Hunt in India.

*Times Wide World Photos.*

# PILGRIMS OF HOPE POUR INTO LOURDES

## Wistful Throngs of the Lame, Halt and Blind Make a Spectacle of Deep Faith at the Famous French Shrine

By HAROLD CALLENDER

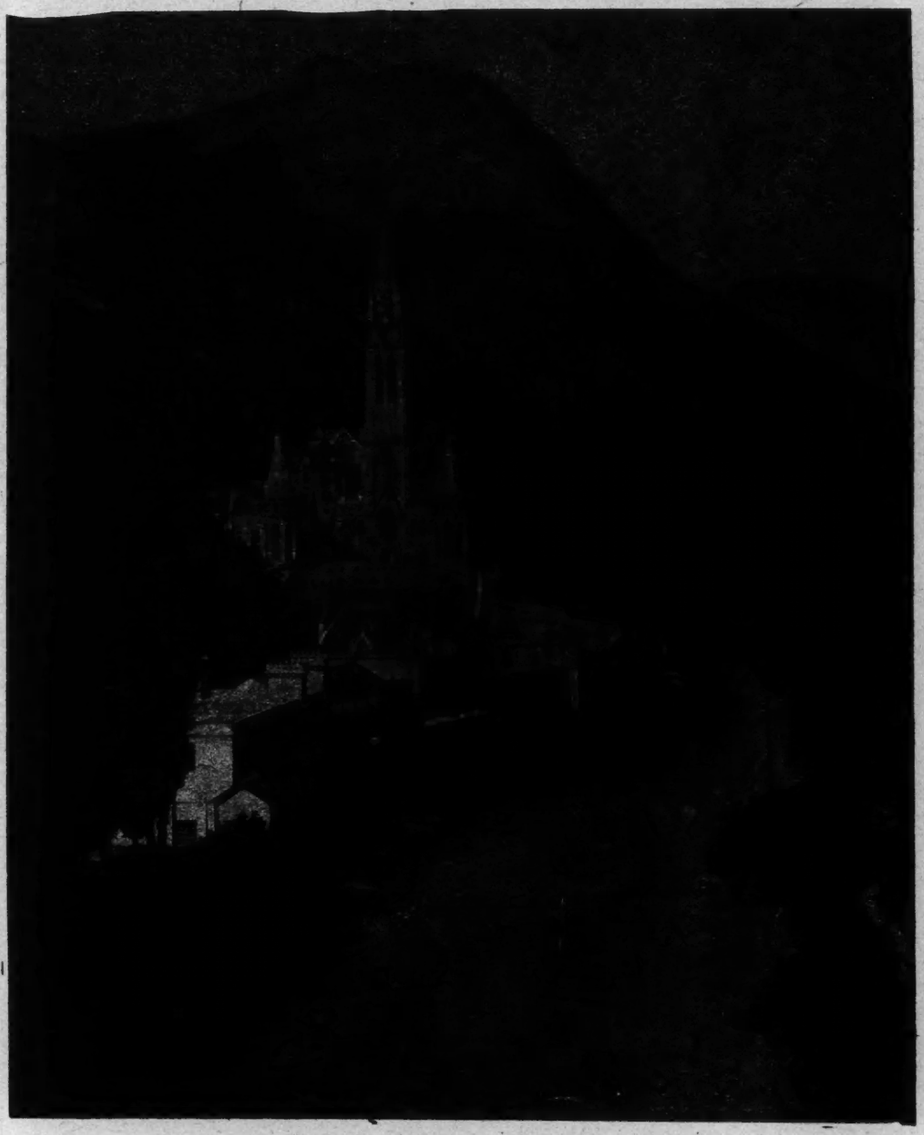
LOURDES.

ABOUT the middle of August, when the traditional "white train" sets out from Paris on its long journey across France, the great national pilgrimage to the Miraculous Grotto of Lourdes will begin. Special trains from other parts of the country also will carry throngs of visitors to this little mountain town, whose temporary population from Aug. 18 to 25, the period of the pilgrimage, will far outnumber its permanent residents

From early morning until late at night the clear air of the Pyrenees will vibrate with prayers and hymns. Every evening a long procession of worshipers carrying candles and chanting the Ave Maria will pass down the Esplanade toward the brilliantly lighted basilica. Every afternoon lines of wheeled beds and chairs will move from every hospital, down almost every street, converging in the wide space in front of the basilica.

There the lame, the halt and the blind will be placed in rows; crowds will assemble on all sides and upon the arcades to the left and right of the church; girls singing hymns will pass down the centre and up the long stairways of the basilica. The narrow space between the swift, bright-blue little river and the grotto will overflow with visitors, sick and well, who have come to drink of the spring, to bathe in the water and to worship at the shrine.

Lourdes is already crowded with pilgrims, as it is during most of the time between March and October; and on any day a visitor may witness the constant coming and going of devout throngs, the impressive processions and the elaborate and solemn ceremonies that mark a great collective manifestation of faith. Catholics from many countries participate. In a recent procession were Belgians, English, Czechoslovakians, Germans and French, each singing the hymns in his native tongue. Offices were said in half a dozen languages and the flags of various nations draped the little, winding streets of the town. It was estimated that there were then about 12,000 pilgrims in Lourdes, the resident population of which is less than 9,000. Church dignitaries said they expected as many as 70,000 during the French national pilgrimage, which represents the high tide of the movement of visitors each year.



The White Stone Basilica of Lourdes Gleams in the Sunlight

*Photo by J. Lacaus, Lourdes.*

Pinched in a narrow valley at the foot of the Pyrenees and severed by the Gave de Pau—"gave" being the Pyrenean word for a a mountain stream—Lourdes is far from ideally situated as a centre of pilgrimage. This fact has been stressed by way of refuting the assertion that the apparitions of the Virgin, which led to the building of the chapel and shrine at the grotto, were prearranged by the local priests. At the time of the apparitions (1858) and for several years afterward the town was extremely difficult of access. The nearest railway line was at Bayonne, eighty miles distant.

On a high rock overlooking the cave stands the Chateau of Lourdes, a feudal fortress that served as a prison from the reign of Louis XIV to that of Napoleon I. It is now a museum. The grotto that draws visitors from many parts of the world is a small cavern in the rocky side of a hill on the western edge of the town, a few feet from the rushing stream. Adjoining it, the white stone basilica gleams in the bright sunlight, its shining spire flanked by two smaller ones.

Hanging from the grotto are several hundred crutches, symbolic of the cures attributed to the mystic qualities of the place. Before the shrine inside, many candles continuously drip great streams of tallow. The sick assemble at the entrance to the grotto to pray, say the rosary and take part in the offices, and visitors may often be seen kissing the black stones of its sides. From near-by faucets flows the water from a spring that is said to have appeared at the command of the Virgin in 1858. Pilgrims fill bottles and flasks to take home to their relatives and friends.

The air of religious devotion permeates the entire town, where enterprising merchants have chosen for their stores such names as "Palais du Rosaire," "Magasin de la Chapelle," "A Saint Benoit," "L'Enfant Jésus." The streets are lined with shops in which are displayed rosaries, crosses, candles, figures of the Virgin and the Christ, replicas of the basilica, prayer books and religious literature. At first one wonders whether merchandise of a more worldly nature is to be had in Lourdes, for there are blocks where scarcely anything but articles of devotional interest is offered for sale. Old women selling candles are distributed a few yards apart along all the streets leading to the grotto.

The procession of invalids in the typical iron cots on wheels begins early in the morning. It moves from the hospitals down the hill toward the shrine, from the clinic on the Esplanade along the river to the Grotto and when trains arrive it starts anew at the Midi Railway Station. Back and forth all day long pass the faithful sick, propelled by friends and relatives to and from the sacred spot, where they remain for as many hours as possible. They pray and chant and hope.

In the serpentine twenty-foot-wide streets of Lourdes are curiously mingled the white cattle of the Pyrenees, pack donkeys, donkey carts, sun-burned women carrying crocks on their heads or baskets of complaining geese over their arms, herdsmen speaking Béarnais; odd, abbreviated little trolley cars and luxurious touring motor buses offering trips to near-by mountain points. The many hotels, some of them quite modern, care for the constant flow and ebb of visitors, who pass most of their time at the shrine.

With such an impressive display of faith there can be no doubt that many persons travel to Lourdes in the hope of experiencing or seeing a miracle. Are there miracles at Lourdes? The Church answers, Yes. But its representatives counsel against excessive credulity. If a blind man suddenly recovered his sight, if a cripple threw aside his crutches and walked away in a sprightly manner one might say one had witnessed the miraculous. And such things are said to have occurred. But they are far from everyday events. The cures that are finally certified as genuine are usually of a less spectacular and less obvious type. Moreover, it requires careful medical examination and the lapse of at least a year to determine whether there has been a cure and whether it is of a character clearly distinguishable from those arising from natural and scientific causes.

On the left side of the Esplanade and a few yards from the Grotto is the "Bureau des Constatations Médicales"—that is, the office for the scientific verification of reputed miraculous cures. Every miracle must get its credentials here. The methods by which the genuine cures are separated from the apparent cures, or what patients and their friends believe to be cures, were explained to the writer by Dr. A. Vallet, acting president of the bureau.

"Any physician, regardless of his religon or his absence of faith, may come here, examine the cases presented and have his judgment recorded," said Dr. Vallet. "If I alone decided whether there had been cures, some might say it was a prejudiced opinion, since I am an agent of the Church appointed by the Bishop. In the year 1925 there were 621 physicians who visited the bureau and many of them took part in the clinical examinations. In the first six months of the present year 154 have come. Some of these physicians are Catholics who come annually with pilgrims from their localities, for whom they care during the trip. Some are Protestants. Some are agnostics who come from curiosity.

"We invite these visiting physicians to assist in the examinations. Protestants and doctors having no religion, as well as those belonging to the Catholic Church, have certified to cures that could not have resulted from natural causes. We might easily register 200 supposed cures each year, but on the average perhaps eight or ten a year at a maximum are officially recognized as cures of a supernatural character. There are, besides, many cases where there is marked improvement; but we certify only absolute cures, and in all cases we withhold final judgment for a year in order to be certain that they are genuine cures, not temporary ameliorations."

"Is there any special number of physicians that must pass upon each case?" Dr. Vallet was asked.

"No, I invite whatever physicians are here," he answered. "Sometimes there are only two or three; at other times there are a dozen."

"Since you select them without regard to their religious predilections, it might happen that half a dozen doctors, all Catholics, or half a dozen, all agnostics, signed a report in a particular case?"

"Yes, that is true," said Dr. Vallet. "We ask only good faith on the part of the physician. That's all that is necessary."

Dr. Vallet said no nervous maladies were recognized by the bureau and that cases of the recovery of mentally deranged persons were not counted among the cures. He explained that, in principle, no type of disease was barred, but that actually there was scarcely any infectous cases, since such patients were not allowed by the public health authorities to travel.

After examining the patient supposed to have undergone a cure and inspecting the statements of his physicians that often are filed with the bureau, the doctors are asked to answer four questions: Did the dis-

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# SPAGHETTI FINDS A FOE IN MUSSOLINI

## Italy's Dictator Threatens to Substitute Potatoes for the National Dish

"A Spaghetti Bomb."

"We Must Eat Potatoes."

*By EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL*

THE climax of Fascism has been reached. Nothing since the black shirts were first donned can compare in its way with the importance of Premier Mussolini's announcement that spaghetti must go—its place to be taken by potatoes—to help conserve wheat. Italy faces a spaghettiless future.

The cables had been rather quiet for a few days, following sensational decrees that newspapers in the Italian Kingdom were to be cut to the bone as a means of saving paper; that an hour had been added to the workers' day in an "economy drive"; that no more expensive houses should be built for a year; that for an indefinite period no more bars, cafés, saloons or night resorts should be added to the existing quota; that gasoline must be mixed with nationally manufactured alcohol. Then came the spaghetti bomb, as if its explosion had been timed to coincide with Stockholm's edict that hereafter all Swedes must know how to swim, and with King Alfonso's paean of prophecy: "The moment has arrived to advance toward our magnificent future—and that at lightning speed."

The world has known, off and on, many dictators. In that purple company Mussolini, it is generally conceded, holds his own and a little more. Scarcely a week passes, whether Parliament be in session or not, without some significant cable dispatch deriving from the Chigi Palace in Rome. But at last Signor Mussolini has outdone himself. The full significance of this latest imperial memorandum, partly backed by a suspending of elections, is not realized in a flash; it is only when one pauses to consider that the consequences and implications begin to pile up at an alarming rate.

### *Unbalancing a Diet*

Why, you exclaim, the whole culture of the Italian race is founded upon spaghetti! When the cornerstone of a nation is removed, what happens? Yes, terrible as the thought is, the Italians are doomed. They are going to lose their spaghetti; are told that they must cultivate an appetite for potatoes instead.

Terrors unimaginable reside in the question: What may a century of potato eating do to the people? As a man eats, so is he. One sees the Italian of the future a curious hybrid, combining, in who knows what weird manner, strains of the Latin, the Gael and the Teuton. Toward what bewildering consummation will Mussolini lead his subjects, booming in those deep organ tones of his: "Balance the budget with spaghetti!"

Doubtless one reason recommending Signor Mussolini's new law is that he is making an honest effort to restore the grandeur of ancient Rome, and historians have not recorded the fact that the ancient Romans ever ate spaghetti—or ever heard of it. When was spaghetti born? Is it a product of the Middle Ages? At any rate, getting rid of a national habit developed long after the decline and fall would have to be looked upon as in the interest of local color.

But at what a price! A habit of so long standing is not broken by the mere magic of a dictator's gesture, and it may prove as difficult to deprive Italy of her spaghetti and the various forms of macaroni as to make Ireland dry. Kevin O'Higgins possibly may succeed some day in getting partitions built to cut groceries off from rye and Guinness's stout; but it is doubtful whether even he confidently expects to do more than that. In Italy Il Duce may similarly succeed in removing those wheaten ropes and ribbons and furbelows from public display, even compelling restaurant keepers to serve the forbidden delicacy in an equivalent of after-dinner coffee cups; buf he will find that although you can lead an Italian to potatoes, you cannot make him eat them.

One ray of hope relieves the encroaching gloom. The ray may be somewhat dubious; still, it is a ray. The Italian people, outwardly acquiescent, as they have learned to be since the march on Rome, are assuredly not going to submit behind closed doors. Faced with an Eighteenth Amendment of their own, the Italians (who once produced a Machiavelli) promise not to be found lacking in resourcefulness.

Before long may not rumors of devious bootlegging begin to wing across the Atlantic, of spaghetti runners plying their stealthy trade? Dark figures at night flitting around corners; vanishing up a flight of back stairs—a vast underground market to network the peninsula. And while on patriotic days the populace throngs the corsos and masses itself loyally in the Piazza Colonna, at home, in hidden stills, watched over by small Enrico or Grandma Lucia, spaghetti will be defiantly stewing.

As for spaghetti, if its making has become a fine art so also is its eating an art—an art divided into several distinct schools or techniques. There is what may be termed the "twirling" method. This is a very polite system requiring long practice. It consists in holding the fork firmly in a mass of spaghetti and turning it round and round until a sufficient quantity has been accumulated. This device is comparatively simple, though not so simple as it sounds. Much depends upon the angle; and it is not every novice who by merely twirling can assure the spaghetti's staying on the fork. This is undoubtedly the most elegant way to eat spaghetti.

### *Overhead Versus Vacuum*

Then there are the overhead and endless-bridge methods, generally encountered somewhat lower in the social camp. Both are difficult to acquire; to be perfectly accomplished they call for hereditary skill. Few not born to spaghetti can ever become really convincing, although now and then individuals with extreme racial adaptability (cosmopolitans with a highly developed bump of imitation) prove that miracles can happen.

It is a question of which is more characteristic—the overhead or the endless bridge. Can any one who saw that heart-wrenching Belasco-Warfield confection, "The Music Master," forget how one of the diners in the first act, poising a lira's worth of spaghetti high above his uplifted face, exclaimed: "Ah! a dish fit for aristocrats!"

The endless bridge (or, as it is also sometimes called, the endless stream) method has quite as many enthusiasts in tow. It is perhaps less spectacular than the other, but not correspondingly more easy of accomplishment. To eat spaghetti in this manner it is necessary to slide down rather far in the chair or else slump well over a bowl of spaghetti and, with either fork or fingers, establish connection. Such connection, once established, must not be broken until all the spaghetti in the bowl has been consumed. It is a good deal of an endurance test, and has lent itself to innumerable competitions.

Finally there is the foreign way of eating spaghetti. This is decidedly effeminate and mincing; no devotee worthy the name would ever stoop to it. The least obtrusive means of eating spaghetti in the foreign manner is to cut it up into lengths not longer than average string beans. Some rely upon the teeth rather than the fork.

In his volume of essays entitled "Bizarre," Lawton Mackall notes spaghetti as one of the great national industries of Italy, rivaled in export trade only by prima donnas and tenors—both of whom, he says, as memory recalls it, are trained on spaghetti. It is pointed out that authenticity in art of that type means, in vulgar pariance, avoirdupois. To this end spaghetti is particularly conducive. Certainly no graduate prima donna, Mr. Mackail notes, is ever considered really authoritative until it is possible to see her from behind two pillars at the same time.

Burlesquing grand opera in vaudeville invariably entails use of the word spaghetti—long drawn out, in three succulent syllables; and it is even on record than an Italian singer, once, in rendering the "Bel Raggio" aria, inadvertently sang "Bella Spaghetti"!

Spaghetti seems to be officially doomed. But must every little bow-tie rosette and fanciful conceit in macaroni go too? Would it be possible to make some minor exception; keep extant some little wistful relic—maybe just those delightful wafers, with scalloped edges, that are so nice in soup?

Mussolini, in a recent interview, said that he wanted the word emigrant "to disappear forever from official Italian." He finds abhorrent the former spectacle of "hundreds of thousands of Italians wandering all over the world because they were dying of hunger at home"—a condition, he insists, that "no longer exists and will never return." All the same, it may not be possible to prevent the turning of millions of hungry eyes across to America, where of late spaghetti houses have been multiplying surprisingly.

### *Forestalling Archaeology*

But perhaps it might prove feasible to keep a couple of spaghetti factories still running—on the banks of some mountain torrent, so that the machinery could be operated at a low cost—for special benefit of foreign visitors, who would, of course, expect to be charged the prices asked for exotics served in restaurants.

One thing it is to be hoped the present Italian Government will not overlook; that is, posterity. It is sad enough to think that coming generations will not know the taste of this delicious staple; need they be deprived as well of knowing what spaghetti and macaroni looked like? Here is at least a chance to forestall vain efforts of future archaeologists by getting together—at once, before it is too late—a complete museum exhibit. A commission might be appointed, commissions being pretty popular just at present, and a small wing reserved in one of the important, accessible galleries of the capital. In glass cases could be arranged every variety of this cereal product, accurately labeled, so that, strolling up and down the aisles, personally conducted parties might be able a hundred years from now to reconstruct the far-away romantic past.

"In Hidden Hills They Will Be Defiantly Stewing Spaghetti."

*"In Glass Cases Every Variety" Could Be Arranged.*

# GOBELIN TAPESTRY WORKS ARE A GLORY OF FRANCE

## Supported by the State They Have Weathered Caprice of Kings and Centuries of Stormy Gallic History

Ancient Gobelin Tapestry. Louis XIV. The Painting From Which the Tapestry Was Made Hangs in the Louvre.

*By DIANA RICE*

THE Gobelins, by far the oldest and more famous of existing tapestry works, whose name has been a synonym for the finest of wall coverings for centuries, continues today its great tradition, under subsidy of the French Government. Since the brothers Jean and Philibert started their dye works and produced the famous scarlet associated with their name, Paris has long since grown up and obliterated the green fields and running brooks which surrounded them. And if the wondrous red the first Gobelins sought and found is not what it once was, their almost equally splendid blue remains and the original score or less of shades have grown to 14,000, according to official figures.

Finding in the waters of the little River Bièvre a magic quality blending satisfactorily with their beloved dyes, Jean and Philibert Gobelin and their descendants carried on the business of dyeing and weaving for more than a hundred years after 1456. The family attained prominence, wealth and titles before it retired. Thus it happened that the Ministers of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV, casting about in 1662 for premises in which to house the extensive tapestry works then beginning to flower in France, took over the Hotel des Gobelins in the Latin Quarter, and remodeled it for artists and craftsmen. Hangings of splendid proportions and brilliant design, heavy with gold and silver thread, began to unroll from the looms of the Gobelins. Scattered factories under private ownership were gathered under the parent wing, and the making of exquisite wall coverings was extended to include the making of rare floor coverings and other luxurious furnishings.

Such were the beginnings of the great industry whose name is familiar to all the world. And as the name Gobelin has always been associated with wall coverings, that of Savonnerie has been associated with fine rugs and carpets. This year the hundredth anniversary of the union of these two works, both originating in Paris, will be celebrated by an exhibition of the finest pieces made during past centuries in the ateliers of both. The Savonnerie works started life in an ancient soap (savon) factory in Passy, formerly a suburb of Paris. It was thus the velvet pile known as La Savonnerie got its rather misleading name.

### *A Lost River*

Today a stroll through the courtyards of the dingy gray buildings on the Avenue des Gobelins does not disclose the River Bièvre. The waters of this little stream that used to murmur its way down to the near-by Seine have disappeared. The river bed has been filled in. Flowers and trees replace the early waterway. And whether or not the scarlet slowly brought to highest beauty along its shores by the brothers Gobelin has with the loss of this medium lost much of its splendor, the fact remains, according to experts, that the red of modern tapestries has deteriorated.

There have been other changes, too, since the great plant sponsored by kings began chronicling historical events through the magic of woolen thread. Its period of widest productivity under the successive Louis was followed by one of less importance, both in quality and quantity. And in the days of the Revolution, when frenzied men and screaming women trampled and tore asunder all that suggested the pomp of kings, no matter what its material or esthetic value, the Gobelins did not escape. A bonfire in its courtyard consumed priceless and irreplaceable treasures. Unfinished work on the high looms in deserted ateliers was condemned by a committee seeking favor with the mad mob. As once before, in the dire war days of Louis XIV, tapestries were destroyed that their gold and silver threads might be melted into bullion to replenish a failing exchequer. Few craftsmen remained at work; those who had spent a lifetime at the looms—the sons and grandsons of tapestry makers—could not continue at work, much as they loved it, without pay. Many of them joined the army or went into other occupations.

But even the leaders of the Revolution were loath to destroy so distinguished an institution as the Gobelins. Times were hard; it was impossible to maintain the excellence of the work that had been done during decades of royal patronage. Lesser artists now drew the designs—once the work of Lebrun, Audran and Watteau—and lesser craftsmen carried them out. The coming of Napoleon with his court painter, Louis David, for a time inspired the languishing art with new life. Napoleon, however, was a dictator in art as in other things, and the chiefs of the Gobelins never had a free hand. Censorship once more prevailed over paintings and weavings as in the days of Mme. de Maintenon—that elderly favorite of Louis XIV who in her excessive piety (after a morganatic marriage with the King) commanded that garments be woven on the beautiful but nude figures in all tapestries adorning the palace walls.

There are few workers in the present-day factory of the Gobelins as compared to the 800 to 1,200 who enjoyed the royal generosity. Just how many there are, in fact, is not generally given out. This branch of Government work, like other non-utilitarian activities, has been curtailed since the war. Also, other trades commanding better pay have drawn workers from an honored but dying craft. But those who remain still sit as of old with a small mirror at the left of the loom reflecting the design hanging behind them. The halls of gay-colored thread piled up beside the nimble-fingered worker bewilder a visitor, who gazes in wonder at the rapidity with which different hues and shades are blended into the woven picture.

Modern Gobelin Tapestry. The American Troops Leaving For France in 1917.

This matter of colors is one which has received no inconsiderable attention. It is contended that the best results in ancient tapestries were obtained with few colors. The famous looms of Arras in the fourteenth century used, it is recorded, but twenty colors. And into the series of forty tapestries known as the history or life of the King (some of the world's greatest pieces) there were woven only seventy-nine. Ambassadors and lovely ladies, Cardinals and lesser folk were depicted on white warp in subdued colors. But fashions change in tapestry as in everything else. When a demand came for strong, bright colors, weavers attempted to satisfy it. The number of shades in all colors rapidly increased, until it is officially announced from the Gobelins that there are some 14,000 now in their workrooms.

### *Threaded Pageantry*

Still supported entirely by the State, this factory today as in the past executes tapestries only for State purposes—as gifts to visiting royalty and persons of prominence, as anniversary presents to various cities or as hangings for public buildings in France and abroad. One that will be remembered by many Americans is the tapestry showing the departure in 1917 of American troops for France, presented a short time ago to the City of Philadelphia. As formerly, the Gobelins, through colored yarns and golden threads, present the pageant of world history.

The Gobelins Gallery is a comparatively modern building of red brick with stone facings. It stands in front of the ancient home of the brothers Philibert and Jean and other structures reared by Colbert, Minister of Finance to Louis XIV, to house the workers. The porter's gate at the right of the gallery leads to the halls where the looms stand and the living apartments are located. In the gallery is part of the series known as the "History of the King," picturing the Sun King in crimson or in white, in feathered hat or with curls. There is the one showing the marriage of Louis and Maria Theresa of Austria—the feathers on the hats of the gentlemen and the lace on the dresses of the ladies seeming almost unbelievably real in the delicacy of their execution. Full of action is the large weaving of the visit of Louis to the tapestry works, all the workmen in apparent confusion and haste bringing forward

( Continued on Page 18 )

# NEGRO'S ART LIVES IN HIS WROUGHT IRON

## Old Balconies, Grilles and Doorways of New Orleans Are Eloquent Tributes to the Joyous Craftsmanship of Slaves Who Worked at the Anvil—Collectors Delight in Their Pieces

WHILE scanning the horizon for debatable achievements of "the talented negro" appropriate to his race, W. E. Burchardt Du Bois quite overlooked the first Afro-American art—the famous old wrought iron of New Orleans. It is solid and tangible proof that the negro brought with him into his slavery the ancient art tendencies of Africa.

Without any race consciousness about it, these gracious iron balconies, these craftsmenlike grilles and charmingly designed lunettes wrought by slave labor have won their expensive place in the world of collectors, antique dealers and connoisseurs. Far from making any "to-do" over their work, the individualities of the dark-skinned craftsmen who wrought the heavy bars of iron into beautiful and sensitive line have been sunk in obscurity by years of forgetfulness as impenetrable as the mists of antiquity that hang low over Africa. Only in the realm of our imagination may we come upon them—experiencing the artist's pure joy of creation.

Did they sing songs as they wrought? There must have been songs, because the negro found songs for the rhythm of every labor. Did the rhythm of the hammer on the anvil strike new syncopations to his sensitive ear, unlike the anvil songs of Europe? The rhythms and the songs, too, have faded into the silence of forgetfulness. So forgotten are these craftsmen that northern connoisseurs dismiss the idea with a smile.

"Well, maybe some of the cruder pieces," they admit, "under white supervision. But it's preposterous to think that ignorant negroes could take a hybrid collection of French and Spanish motifs and fuse them into an art expression of their own, simpler than anything that was being done in Europe. No, no, there were European craftsmen on that job."

### *Without White Direction.*

Thus is the cause of the first Afro-American artists dismissed without a hearing. The only flaw in the argument is that there were no white craftsmen in New Orleans at the time when the best of the iron was wrought. It was only after the War of 1812 restored the sea to America that the immigration of German artisans was to begin—an immigration that was to culminate around 1830 with riots of white artisans, because all skilled trades and crafts were monopolized by negroes. To quote Booker T. Washington: "The Southern white man did business with the negro in a way that no one else has done business with him. In most cases, if a Southern white man wanted a house built he consulted a negro mechanic about the plan and about the actual building of the structure. If he wanted a suit of clothes made he went to a negro tailor, and for shoes to a shoemaker of the same race. * * *"

In such economic soil grew this first flowering of Afro-American art.

The negroes were the smiths. Every plantation had to have its smiths, for the plantation existed in an age of iron. From wagon wheels to bolts, from plowshares to horseshoes, from locks to iron grave crosses in a stoneless country, the Louisiana plantation could not run a day without the blacksmith. Each master blacksmith had his learners—a relationship not so different nor more oppressive than was the apprenticeship system of Europe in the golden age of handicraft.

Craftsmanship is not usually considered a by-product of democracy and of the rights of the young generation. And if you do not think that those negro master smiths knew how to get the work out of black boys without the help of a white overseer, you need only wind up some ancient ante-bellum negro, trained to work in the old régime, on the evil ways of a trifling young generation.

There is another ante-bellum condition that must also be realized before we can recreate our black craftsman from the filings and shavings of history and set him against the red, glowing fires of his back-

The First Afro-American Art—Old Wrought Iron Work of New Orleans.

ground. Not all the apprentices trained in the "industrial school" of the plantation were needed on that plantation. A particularly likely young blacksmith could be sent into New Orleans. Indeed, one of the sources of revenue of the Southern planter used to come from the wages paid to him for the work of his artisans.

The plantation did not waste its talent in the cotton field but trained it into carpenters, wheelwrights, brickmasons, engineers, seamstresses or housekeepers. Never was talent and flair more scientifically turned into specialisation. And if the whole system sounds rather like Rossum's Universal Robots to twentieth century ears, there were mitigating legal circumstances never admitted by the abolitionists and probably never heard of by the poets and novelists who wrote so freely of tearing families apart and sending dusky brides "down the ribber."

There was a black code that protected the slave in his legal rights, and these were many. The legal right that bears directly on our art of wrought iron was that the slave had the right to buy his freedom for the set price of $500.

### *The Chance of Freedom*

The black code gave him the right, and the social and ethical code gave him the opportunity. The master's work took only so many hours out of his day. The hours left were his own time. On the plantation he could raise a garden, or eggs for pin money, as farmers' wives do today. In the big house he could amass tips from visitors. As an artisan in the city he could work overtime in the same way. And rueful enough were the feelings of the master when an artisan for whom he had refused $3,000 bought himself for $500. Of course it was the exceptionally valuable and talented slave who had the ability and the continuity of purpose to save up $500 over the years. Yet public opinion damned the man who did not give his slave that sporting chance at liberty—just as shotgun public opinion saw to it that a master should not work his slaves on Sunday.

Of history's filings and shavings, then, we recreate no chain-bound bondsman quivering under a white overseer's lash, but a man of color who owned and operated his own blacksmith shop, or else a trusted slave who conducted a business for his master. Both men of dignity in their own eyes! Both partisans trained meticulously and uncompromisingly from childhood in the virile trade that requires skill, dexterity, speed and brute strength.

And there was work in plenty, for the city, too, yet moved in the iron age of handicrafts. There was work for every minute of the working day—a condition without which true craftsmanship cannot flourish, even if artistic temperaments may thrive on leisure. Here were the perfect historical conditions that in medieval countries used always to precede a flowering of wrought iron. Diversified and necessary all around blacksmith work, ready to be illuminated into art by the flame of talent and the torch of opportunity.

That torch of opportunity was pretty accurately a torch—the one that burned down the city in 1788 and started New Orleans building the stately Spanish city that has been preserved to the world in the Vieux Carre. Periods of building are always the opportunity of the artist. The particularly fortuitous opportunity for our incipient negro artists was that the fine gentlemen with mansions to build were of French and Spanish lineage and desired to build in the French and Spanish tradition—which at the time meant going in for iron balconies and railings, and walled-in courtyards protected from the street by iron grilles and gateways.

As for the flame of talent, it was to come out of Africa—Africa of that primitive art whose discovery, a century later, was to stimulate the genius of Piscasso and Matisse and create a cult of negro sculpture in an orgy of adjectives.

### *Of Unknown Origin*

Tantalizing it is to wonder whence came the black craftsmen who wrought so well and so permanently in New Orleans. Did their fathers come from the Ivory Coast, where the art of Africa was most primitive, most hugely creative? Came they from Bushongo, where the portrait sculpture of long dead savage kings seized upon characterization in character's intensest moments? Came they from the Sudan, where the influences of civilization had been percolating throughout the millenniums—where old Egyptian idols of 2000 B. C., conventionalized, traditionalized, have, as it were, gone back to nature? Secrets of vital importance, these, to the believers in the negro's indigenous talent.

All we know is that, when opportunity came, training and talent were ready for the emergency.

Probably the blacksmith was given an engraving to follow—or more likely, since books were precious and blacksmith's hands grimy, he was shown the engraving. Possibly the amateur gentleman-architect had done some sketching in Provence or in Palma—in both locales the general style of our Vieux Carre architecture prevailed. Sketching was a pleasing accomplishment of the period when a gentleman went on his travels. The practical builders of the eighteenth century, whose eye and hand were purified by handicraft, managed to achieve the abstract beauty of proportion without any more official architectural drawings.

What the negro blacksmith did was to take the designs—the gorgeous curves and high modeling of the Roccoco and the ultra-sophistication of the classic revival—and translate them into terms of pure smithing. There is a strangely haunting quality, too, of twelfth century Gothic that pervades the workmanship. For there are certain curves and spirals, perpendiculars and junctions, that iron, given the same smithing technique, whatever the century, falls into naturally. So it is that we find many of the old medieval motifs reappearing after a break of centuries.

In Europe, since the closing decades

of the thirteenth century, decorative wrought iron had passed out of the domains of pure smithing—for the very practical reason that Europe had passed out of the age of iron and into the age of steel. The armorer and the locksmith had got hold of the essential industries that used to be monopolized by the blacksmith. Smithing, once deemed worthy of Thor's high companionship when swords were wrought upon the anvil, deteriorated into a matter of shoeing horses. The iron to be wrought went to the armorer or locksmith, who brought to the business all the finesse of their intricate crafts.

Heat they applied only in the preliminary stages. The greater part of the work was done on cold iron by file and saw. The Oriental metal workers of Venice and Spain got into the game, adding to wrought iron the wiles of damescening and brass work and goldsmithing. Ornaments were cut out from sheet iron. Statuettes were carved out of the solid. Iron crackled and glowed with exquisite leafage washed in gold.

The achievement of this first Afro-American art is that it took an overdivilised craft, that had run its course because it had reached the ultimate of conquest over material, and over a span of forty years did to iron only what blacksmiths could. Do not misunderstand: If the fine iron workers of France, following the whims of architectural fashion, could achieve a finesse that our Afro-American art never even dreamed, our dark-skinned New Orleans smiths had technical achievements of their own—just because they were smiths.

### *The Design Is Bold*

It is only the blacksmith in constant practice who can work quickly enough in wrought iron to achieve final results before the white heat has faded to red. Hence the tendency of purely wrought iron to boldness of design.

Nor were there any modern mechanical aids to lessen the technical problems and to rob the designs of the delights of irregularities. Every curve was beaten out free-hand by eye, instead of beaten out around the curve of a model as is the standardizing way with the commercial "ornamental iron work" of our current elevator period. Every junction was riveted or strapped or fused and beaten at white heat, instead of fused cold with electricity.

Yet our muscular black artists were as innocent of periods as if they still hurled their spears in the jungles of the Congo. Spanish renaissance, French Gothic and rococo motifs were thrown together at random—but charm and naïveté are the result, instead of hodgepodge. The periods are blended happily because only the lines and the curves were exacted of the iron that are legitimately of the smithy. "Iron is sweet stuff, if you don't torture her, and hammered stuff is all pure, truthful line with a reason and a support for every curve of her," says Kipling.

It would have been a satisfactory ethnological experiment had the wrought iron of the negro blacksmith continued uninterruptedly for a century. To other art periods of iron, Fate has allotted at least a century for development. It was not to be. Fast on the blacksmith period was to press the mechanical period of cast iron, flooding the cities

A Graceful Lunette.

and plantations with manufactured articles. Skilled German artisans were to pour into New Orleans, fighting grimly for foothold against competing slave labor.

A losing fight in most trades, in iron they brought with them the latest German methods of mechanical labor-saving devices. The foundries inevitably took the economic place of the smithies. Jolly fat Teutonic angels of cast iron began to decorate knockers and gardens. New Orleans fashions shifted to the lacey cast-iron galleries that are a charming period in themselves and quite another story.

The first Afro-American art can fairly be said to have ended in 1830—as all "decorative" art seems to end when it becomes exotic, unrelated to life and industry. Is it nature's provision, lest decoration disappear from the earth and its honorable place be cluttered up with "trimmings"?

But now again the world moves in a wrought-iron age of architecture. One can hardly walk down a block anywhere in New York without realizing how dependent the modern fireproof apartment house or business house is on wrought iron in doorway and gate and balcony. And even though most of the iron has the stamp of standardizing mechanical methods on its craftsmanship, nevertheless the modernist French school of iron wrought by handicraft methods is a healthy flowering in economic soil.

H. B. L.

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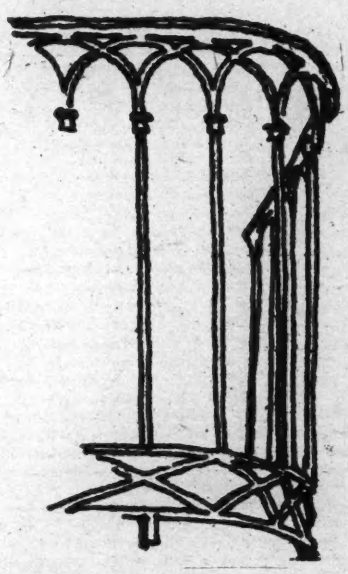
## SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY art—especially the art which has not yet wholeheartedly accepted the new adjustment to the revived ancient and honorable tradition of art for practical utility—the art which clings to the convenient nineteenth century fiction of art for art's sake—Art, with a big A, is taking its annual fling in the country. For Art, the country usually means a decayed seaport on the New England coast or a not too rural village where living is still (even in the eighth year of the era which made the dollar the supreme measure of value) relatively cheap. To that extent, at least, Art is practical. Rightly looked at, indeed, Art for Art's sake is a trade or business, like the manufacture of lipsticks, and as such has to be practical. Such art and lipsticks are each



A Strangely Haunting Gothic Quality.

luxuries with a wholly artificial value. But a lot of people must have them. It is advertising that has turned the trick—created the demand—in each case. Which is another reason, aside from the temporary escape from the high cost of city living, for Art's Summer migration to the tall timbers—so called even if these tall timbers are no more than domestic village elms or the barnacle incrusted piles that support sagging wooden piers in dead old harbors. Ramshackle fish houses upon these piers can usually be turned into studios with an unmistakable atmosphere. Inland, barns are the thing.

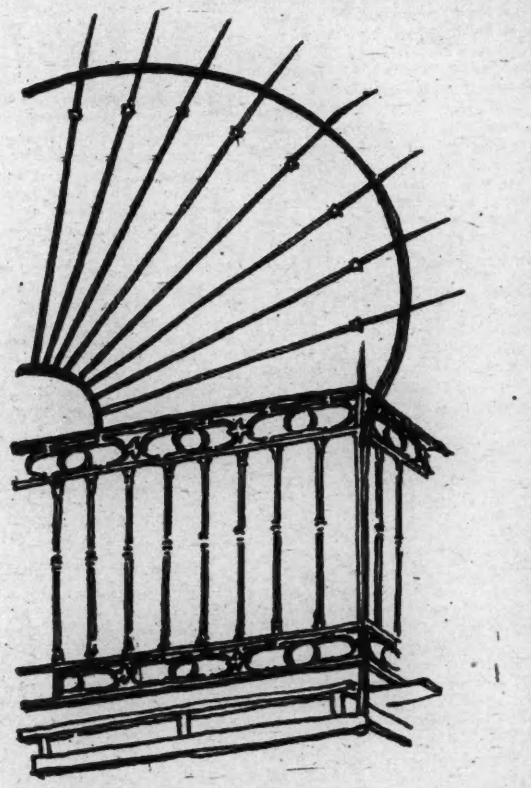
The point is that you can hold art exhibitions in the country—meaning under the desirable elms or in seaside places frequented by vacationists—when you can no longer hold them in the big city. You can even get more attention, often, for these country art exhibitions in the big city papers than you can get for art exhibitions in the season for such things in the big city itself. You can exhibit at these exhibitions pictures that you cannot get exhibited in city exhibitions. You can spend a lot of time amusing yourself under the elms or by the sea under pretext of painting pictures especially for these exhibitions. Usually they are pictures with local color or follow the prescription of a certain "school" addicted to summering in the region where the exhibition happens so fortunately to be held. Landscapes are highly favored. Or, if you want to spend your whole time loafing—"a-taking of your dolce far niente," if you prefer to be so exquisitely nineteenth century about it—you can exhibit just as well a picture which you painted in your city studio last Winter or somewhere else the Summer before when you were feeling like it.

So, at least, curmudgeonly people say who dislike Summer art exhibitions and avoid Summer art colonies. Such persons, by the way, include a certain number of artists. But let that pass. All sorts are artists—or think they are, and even persuade a reasonable number of sensible people to accept them as such. What we are getting at in our innocent, muddling sort of way is no more than a simple assertion of a fact.

### *The Open Season*

That fact is that now is the open season of Summer art exhibitions. There are so many of these Summer art exhibitions up and down the New England coast that for the persons whose business it is to look art exhibitions in the face—in order to let other people know what is in them—it is quite impossible to visit half of the list. A fair critical estimate of the combined artistic achievement represented by them all is obviously out of the question.

Woodstock, Lyme, Mystic, Silvermine, Newport, Gloucester, Provincetown, Marblehead, Stockbridge—to name only a few—has each its show about this time—or has just had it. Each has its group of painters. The members of each group conscientiously exhibit. Prizes are given. There is often quite a local stir with tea on varnishing day. The routine of life under the elms or of life along the sands and among the fish houses or beside the brooks or within the Colonial surroundings affected by the more sophisticated and prosperous art colonies—this routine is agreeably interrupted. Dead monotony is ruffled into fluttering activity. A lot of people who are bored with doing nothing in particular have an excuse for getting particularly busy.



The Sophistication of the Classic Revival Translated Into Terms of Smithing.

The pictures have to be collected, even if they do not have to be painted. They have to be more or less selected, even if there is no formal jury. They have to be hung. The prizes have to be awarded, which means that judges have to be chosen—a diplomatic task. Publicity has to be provided for. A committee or somebody has to try to see that each Summer exhibition gets into at least as many papers as every other Summer exhibition.

In short, everything has to be done just as seriously as if the thing were real. And yet everybody must suspect that it isn't real—that it's only play or mostly so—like so much of the other serious work of Summer.

A Medley of Periods Happily Blended.

When it is over about all that remains is that the So-and-So art association has held its some-such exhibition. Which means that a very pleasant absence from the city, more or less communally enjoyed by a group of worthy people who live in studios in town or work at art or study art or can't stay away from art or who cannot do anything, not even art, and who make art the goat—that this blessed absence from the city is rather better than half gone.

### *A Human Manifestation*

That is a pity on account of the fresh air. It is not so much of a pity because the temptation to take art seriously—when there is really nothing serious to do—is a subtle temptation. The fact that nothing useful can be done with the art makes it equally easy to work at it with unflagging enthusiasm or to neglect it for conversation.

Behind the whole manifestation is something delightfully human and old fashioned. In a sense it justifies—or, at any rate, explains the point of view of the quaint outsiders who assert that Summer art exhibitions take the place of the annual church fair in those primitive communities where painters are not artists, but members of the housepainters' union in good standing.

H. I. B.

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# THE WAYS OF DIXIE WIN

( Continued from Page 8 )

as important a utilization of a waste product will have been made as when we stopped burning up cotton seed.

Certainly, too, the romantic old port of the South—gay, volatile New Orleans—seems the one best psychologically fitted of all American ports to draw the prize of a Latin-American trade in the international lottery, because of all cities, save Charleston, it is the one that has preserved most accurately the exotic flavor of the old South. Two hundred years have gone into the making of a New Orleans that is not much more businesslike than it was in the days of river boat travel.

"Why, New Orleans could have a million people by now. She could be the second port to New York. She could catch up with New York. Look at her strategic position. But she let Atlanta and Dallas walk off with Federal Reserve Banks because she was too indolent to make an effort." Thus a realtor from the North doing business in New Orleans expressed his exasperation.

From a banker who had come down from Chicago: "I don't get any work done until after the bank closes. In Chicago I used to close an interview when the interview was over. But here business is a society function." So it goes. Business in the South goes to pot because nobody is using business efficiency.

Yet the South is awakening to its predicament. It is throwing off the languor of half a century. Even in New Orleans a Chamber of Commerce is functioning. In the windows of business houses one sees the first signs in little placards that state, "I believe in New Orleans," after the practical American fashion of canned sentiments. New Orleans has embarked upon the great commercial venture of an International Trade Exposition after the manner of the Leipsic Fair, as a permanent sample show place where Latin-American buyers can shop for the industrial products of the Mississippi Valley.

### *Economic Law At Work*

Now the South is being forced by the ruthless economic law of the survival of the fittest to stage her come-back with the Go-Getter American paraphernalia. Yet—and here's the catch—perhaps the very pep and efficiency with which New Orleans is trying to capture the trade of the Caribbean will destroy the qualities that make her leisurely Latin neighbors exempt her from their indictment of the rest of America. Will the awakening of the old South and the energizing and modernizing and standardizing of her manhood destroy the asset which American enterprise could use so advantageously for the good of our prestige in the lands that lies south of the Rio Grande?

In turning the clock up to 1926 will they miss their connection? Today the culture of Colombia—perhaps the richest prize of South America—is almost identical with the culture of Virginia and Louisiana as it existed sixty years ago. Even the boats that ply the trade of the Magdalena are like the old Mississippi River boats—are actually built for Colombia in an old town on the banks of the Ohio. In Bogota leisure-blessed scholars still read the classics, as the classics were read when slaves were christened Caesar and Pompey. And duels still settle matters of honor between gentlemen.

Will we get into Colombia before the old ways of the South have passed? Will we get our commercial foothold before the old South has ceased to be—with its haughty pride of race and its huffy chip on the shoulder, with its gracious manners and its choleric tempers, with its qualities so like the charms and follies of America's best commercial "prospect"?

## *LOUIS XIV VISITING THE GOBELINS FACTORY*

# GOBELINS ARE STILL A GLORY OF FRANCE

( Continued from Page 13 )

their choicest pieces for the King's inspection. His battles, his meetings with Ambassadors, his most splendid moments have been faithfully recorded by artists who painted the designs from which the gigantic wall coverings were woven.

But other Kings of France preceded Louis in the fostering of an art that was to develop unforeseen proportions. Francis I, returning from war reverses in Spain and Italy, established the first royal tapestry factory at Fontainebleau. Here, with memories of the beautiful and glowing wall coverings he had seen in the palaces of brother sovereigns in the south, Francis caused high warp looms to be installed and talented craftsmen to be imported. Up to that time tapestry-making had been largely confined to Flanders, Brussels and Italy.

But Francis was concerned chiefly with the embellishment of his own palaces. He had no thought of establishing State factories which would develop and carry on the industry after his death. In this his son, Henry II, was wiser. When the factory at Fontainebleau ceased to produce on Francis's death, it was toward Paris that Henry turned his eyes in search of an adequate building. A hospital which had been used as a home for the city's orphans was equipped for the work he planned. One rather comprehensive part of Henry's scheme was to provide employment for the young wards he had deprived of a home, as fast as they showed cleverness at the simpler parts of tapestry weaving. This factory has a certain importance in being one of the group later merged in the Gobelins.

Another ruler to advance the industry was Henry IV of Navarre. This energetic monarch first conceived the idea of using State funds for the development of an art formerly dependent on private enterprise. Henry IV established in the Louvre one of the orphans discovered by Henry II, and this boy, Maurice du Bourg, later attained considerable prominence for his careful and beautiful work. Other factories of those days under this King's direction were La Trinté, the Savonnerie, the Faubourg St. Marceau and one in the Tuileries. It was nearly fifty years later that Louis XIV gathered most of these workshops into the one State institution, which is visited today by thousands of Paris tourists.

When he took over the Hotel des Gobelins it had already become part of Louis's ambitious plan to include other arts and crafts besides tapestry making. So workrooms were provided for everything pertaining to the furnishings of palaces and chateaux—inlay, metal work, mountings for porcelain, furniture of all kinds. It was here that Boulle of furniture fame developed; also Riesner, designer of delicate marquetry, and Caffieri, whose metal work decorated not only wood but china.

Part of the success of this plant was due to the raising of the workers above the necessity of earning a daily wage. They were comfortably housed near their work in buildings especially constructed for the purpose. They received a competence from the State. Gone was the day of individual financial venture when tapestry masters had to be both business men and artists. In earlier times the industry, carried on through private initiative, in many places had failed by reason of lack of commercial talent among men chiefly concerned with the creation of beautiful objects. Present-day workers at the Gobelins still enjoy the privilege accorded their predecessors of occupying apartments attached to ateliers. Several are living in the same rooms their fathers occupied.

### *Women Enter the Works*

Though women have always shown great talent in the repairing of old and priceless tapestry, they have never been numbered among the weavers. Not until a few years ago was a woman finally admitted on the same status as men workers to the Gobelins factory, and then only after a long apprenticeship. Last year a 17-year-old girl who had shown exceptional talent was accepted as a member of the rug-weaving part of the plant—the Savonnerie. Now there are many more of them among the apprentices. Like women glimpsed behind carved wooden screens in Eastern harems, these young girls of the Gobelins are seen behind their transparent white warp looms, filling in the designs, inked thereon, with silk and woolen threads.

One reason given for the lack of feminine participation in so popular a handicraft is that the work on high frames, with its incessant arm movements, is too fatiguing for women, even men finding it a tax on their strength.

Casual admirers of the world's great tapestries are familiar with some of the more important names associated with their history—Jean Lefebvre, Jean Delacroix, Henri Laurent, Charles Lebrun and Tessier. Below the tapestries hanging in the great galleries are small wooden labels, each bearing the name of the man from whose painted design the piece was made and the name of the man who did the weaving. There was no haste in those early days, when the weaving of a square foot took a week and a square yard of intricate pattern sometimes a year. The modern efficiency expert would tear his hair in anguish over the leisurely slipping in and out of colored threads in the hands of expert tapissiers. A half dozen years was a negligible time in the completion of a piece of tapestry.

But the day of the enormous tapestry passed with the passing of a pompous and formal court. Wall coverings and portières of huge proportions shrank to coverings for chairs, sofas and screens. Bouquets blossomed where formerly a royal hunt was picked out with deft detail on a tapestry thirty feet square. Andre Watteau offered his shepherdesses in puffs and flutings to the weaver's delight, and Claude Audran fashioned with delicate abandon his roses, ribbons and fairies on a background of Summer clouds.

Modern speed has seemingly affected tapestry. Its insidious throb has upset the Old-World calm needed for the working out of such complicated patterns as one finds in ancient weavings. Experts say there are few tapestries of distinction being made today, and none that compares with those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Even then, this work, which is now so priceless, brought a high figure, as shown by the sale of a set of tapestry to a sixteenth-century Pope for $130,000. This, of course, does not seem excessive now in view of the recent sale of the La Roufoucault tapestry to an American collector at a price reported to be $1,500,000.

Those who are in a position to know about such matters say that the Gobelins is an institution France will never allow to die, no matter what the state of the nation's exchequer. The ancient manufactory has weathered too many vicissitudes to be easily discouraged. Though the pieces now coming from its looms are few in number, they nevertheless keep alive the tradition and sentiment so long attaching to Gobelins tapestry.

### MEDIEVAL FLOWERS

THE cultivation of flowers in the Middle Ages was not merely a delight in beauty; superstition led to some peculiarly mundane uses. Flowers were charms to keep away evil spirits; they were prized for medicinal value, made into love philters and adopted as emblems of rival camps and factions.

# PILGRIMS GO TO LOURDES

( Continued from Page 11 )

case really exist? Has there been a real cure or only an amelioration? Is there any reason for deferring the conclusion? Can the cure be attributed to a natural development?

There is obviously room for difference of opinion among physicians as to the nature of many maladies, and often the consulting physician at the bureau must base his judgment upon the written statement of some doctor whom he does not know. In other cases the physician who has treated a patient from the beginning may be present at the final examination and certify as to whether there has been a cure. That there have been cures that could meet, and have met, the most exacting scrutiny, is the contention of Dr. Vallet.

The original miracle of Lourdes, which made the town one of the chief centres of Catholic pilgrimage, was the apparition of the Virgin Mary to Bernadette Soubirous, a shepherdess and the daughter of a local miller, in 1858.

Mlle. Soubirous, who was 13 or 14 years old—accounts differing upon this point—was gathering flowers one day at noon between the river and the cliff where pilgrims now gather before the shrine of the grotto. She heard a rustling of leaves, according to the story she told, and saw a figure of a beautiful woman dressed in white, a rosary in her hands. The figure made the sign of the cross. The child did likewise, then began to say her rosary. When she had finished the figure smiled at her and disappeared. The girl at first described the apparition simply as a "girl in white," not as the Virgin. It was later that she thus identified the vision.

On one occasion 4,000 people had gathered to witness the child's communion with the apparition, but it did not appear. At another time, that of the ninth apparition, the onlookers saw Bernadette stoop and make a hole in the ground. A puddle of water appeared, it is said. She drank, the apparition having instructed her to do so. Though there is said to have been no spring there before, a trickle of water continued to flow from the spot, constantly growing in size. Today the spring yields 27,000 gallons daily.

### *Priests At First Skeptical*

The pilgrimage began at once, the locality being greatly excited by the story of the girl. The public officials, and even the priests, were skeptical. The Abbé Peyramale, to whom the apparition is said to have told the girl to communicate her message, rebuffed her. The local Commissary of Police and the Procureur General questioned her severely, but she seems to have stood by her story throughout. The Commissary went so far as to remove the offerings and candles placed in the grotto by the earlier of the pilgrims, and to build a fence around it by way of discouraging visitors—"which closed up the mystery, barricaded the unknown, put the miracle in prison," observed Zola.

Finally the Prefect chose three physicians to examine the girl—to act as a sort of bureau des constatations médicales. Bernadette was a delicate child and was rated as below normal in intelligence. She could neither read nor write at the age of 14, though she learned later. The physicians rejected the theory, advanced by many, that the girl was insane. They concluded she was mentally sound and sincere, but subject to hallucinations.

Meanwhile the Bishop of Tarbes appointed a commission of inquiry. After it had decided that the visions were authentic he authorized belief in them as certainties. Later the Cult of Our Lady of Lourdes was authorised by the Pope. Bernadette Soubirous became a nun and lived in Lourdes until 1879. She was beatified in 1925.

# FURNITURE NOW FITS ITSELF TO THE CHILD

## Lilliputian Forms Follow the Adult Styles—Use of Leather, Plain and Tooled, Is Revived in Decoration

American-Made Beds and a Cabinet Paneled in Illuminated Leather, for Children's Use.

*Photo Courtesy The Good Furniture Magazine.*

*By WALTER RENDELL STOREY*

DESIGNERS are giving devoted attention to children's furniture. Replicas in miniature of Colonial Windsor chairs, rush-seated ladder-back chairs, sets in modernistic colors or elaborately carved animal characters from fairy tales may now be purchased for the youngest generation. Wicker furniture for children has been brought up to date, and even the popular chairs and sofas in full upholstery are made in miniature size.

Furniture for children is not a new idea, for in not a few antique furniture shops one may find a small chair or a chest of drawers or a miniature table constructed a hundred years ago or more. A small four-poster bed complete with canopy and candlewick spread was recently displayed. But at no time has there been so much care put into the design and decoration of the furnishings for children's rooms as today.

For fanciers of Colonial furniture there are made in the soft light brown color of pine or maple replicas of old hooded cradles, such as the one that came over in the Mayflower and stands in Plymouth Museum. For those to whom cradles are too old-fashioned, both in appearance and use, there are beds of small size for children in which both the headboard and the footboard are cut in the curved broken pediment outline so characteristic of Colonial decoration. Tall posts at each corner turned in short bulbs and long, graceful swellings recall the fine examples of larger Georgian bedsteads that have come down to us.

Chests of drawers just high enough for a child and not too big in depth and length may be found in the ancient maple finish. Accompanying these are attractive forms of the universal Windsor chairs of Colonial times, with carved-out seats and some with rockers. Arm chairs, not only with curved backs, but also with the graceful and comfortable fan backs, are made in small sizes for children, and so are the Colonial ladder-backs with rush seats.

Some of the wooden chairs in modern style for little folk reflect the odd shapes that are being used in breakfast sets. Tables with drop leaves and chairs with odd looking backs give the children almost as much variety of design in painted furniture as their parents have.

The butterfly table, a quaint bit of early American furniture, is charming in its small form. It has two drop leaves, which when opened are supported by little swinging braces in triangular shape that suggest a butterfly's wing. And modified forms of the gate-leg tables which so intrigue their elders are now obtainable for children.

One set of children's furniture recently imported shows decorations especially appealing to children. This was a suite of two chairs, a settee, a bookcase-desk and a bed imported from Denmark. The motif of this amusingly decorated furniture was the animal characters of Hans Andersen's fairy tales.

### *Fairy Tale Furniture*

The little chairs had rabbits and birds carved in simple relief on the supports of the backs. They were attractively painted in black and red, with a striped fabric for the seat fastened down with bright-headed tacks. Seahorses supported the arms of the chairs. The settee was similarly decorated; the bed carried on its head and foot boards carvings of the moon, stars and fairies.

Not so stimulative to imagination as fairy-tale furniture, yet with their own charm of bright color, are the small-sized chairs, tables and settees of wicker which now reflect the brilliant hues in vogue in the large-size styles. Constructed with all care, they are as durable as any made for the children's parents. Bright and charmingly designed cretonnes decorate seats and backs.

Some enterprising manufacturer of modern upholstered furniture has even put out a diminutive suite consisting of a settee and two chairs in the overstuffed style. The lucky child who is presented with such a set may have the choice of several designs of velours for coverings. Garden chairs and benches in rustic work are also made in miniature.

There are, besides, the tiny beds and chiffoorobes, bureaus and clothes trees, all replicas of grown-up furnishings of a bedroom for those to whom the whimsicalities of fairy-tale furniture or the sedateness of early American types does not appeal. Mainly in painted blues and pinks with a ship scene or flowers ornamenting them, they are reflections of current designs used by mothers and fathers.

In fact, for the children's room one may obtain almost everything in smaller size, and appropriately decorated, that grown-ups have. Brightly woven rugs covered with animals and characters from Mother Goose provide comfort and pleasure for the children. Brilliant in color and amusing and charming in design are floor coverings of black felt from Italy with funny birds and beasts, fairies and goblins, all appliqued with bright colored felt. These rugs are so artistic that some mothers use them as wall hangings for the nursery.

Little chests for clothes or toys covered with fancifully designed linen with figures and animals and provided with wheels so that they may be moved around the room are gayer than ever and just as useful. Even pottery has been made to conform to the demands of childhood, and a cleverly designed set of milk pitcher, cream jug and sugar bowl made in funny forms of white ducks with red bills are charming and quaint additions to the gear and chattels of the child world.

***

THE use of leather in furniture is having a renaissance. Not that leather has ever gone completely out of fashion since its great days of the eighteenth century and earlier in the sixteenth, when Cordova in Spain and Venice in Italy produced tooled and decorated leather that surpassed brocades in beauty. But there are signs that after a quarter of a century of partial eclipse the charm and utility of this ancient material is receiving greater appreciation.

A significant factor in the renaissance of leather is the effort of American tanners to produce a better quality than has been obtainable heretofore. The furniture manufacturers, too, are seeking to revive more widely the art of beautifying leather by tooling and illuminating. This will eliminate the need of depending on bits of decorated leather of the past when a reproduction of a Spanish or Italian chair is made. Today American artists and craftsmen are encouraged to produce tooled and illuminated leather in the old tradition of good design and painstaking technique.

### *Leather Adorned and Unadorned*

The shiny, hard-surfaced leather generally used during the past several decades prejudiced many persons against the use of leather in furniture. But now there is being introduced—made by American tanners—a soft-surfaced, pliable product that is more pleasant to look upon and more attractive to the touch. This is being made in the fine tones of blue, red, brown and green that are traditional in leather used for upholstery.

The more extensive use of leather provides the interior decorator with another fabric. It is the contrast of fabrics—leather, cotton, silk and wool—together with the different kinds of woods, metal and glass used in the furnishings of a room, that helps create an artistic interior. In the Middle Ages leather was as much employed in home decoration as woven materials are today. Most rooms of the present time may well admit more leather without any displacement of that balance between textures which is a secret of an attractive apartment.

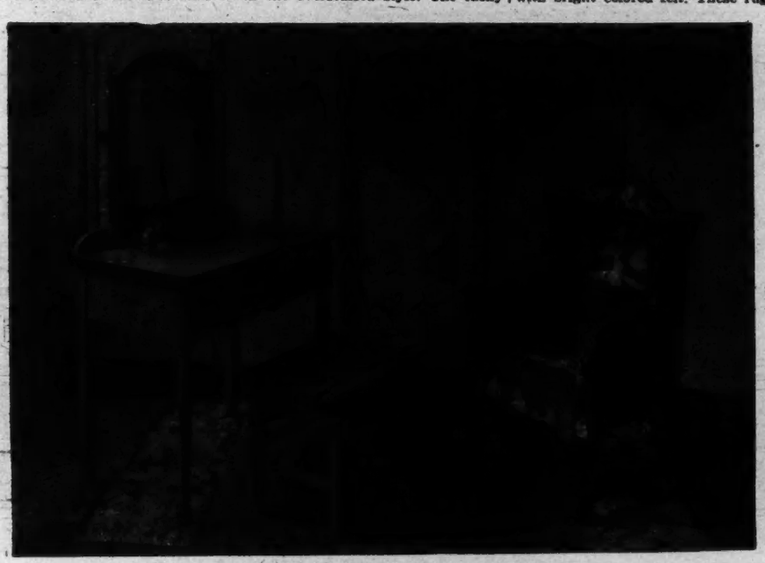
The vogue for Spanish and Italian interiors allows for the use of the high-backed chair with back and seat in decorated leather, held in place by rows of silver or brass headed nails. There is an Italian type of chair with a low back in which the leather itself, stretched taut, serves as back rest and as a seat.

In plain, unadorned leather is the Cromwellian chair of Jacobean and Commonwealth times. This type of chair can be made correctly only in leather, its padded back and seat and rows of bright-headed nails taking on more grace now than perhaps it had when the stern Protector used it. A little later, in the eighteenth century, both French and English homes of the day disclosed one or more leather-covered chairs, the material also unadorned, thereby allowing the carving on the wood frames of the chairs to show off to advantage. Old chairs and reproductions are today covered with plain leather in lemon yellow, apple green, biscuit and raspberry red.

One may include in the living-room furniture a comfortable easy chair covered with fine English morocco, its pebbly surface beautiful to look upon, easy to keep clean and everlasting in wearing quality. The rich red or brown hues provide a spot of color in the room and contribute a distinguished effect. Dining-room chairs of the eighteenth century English style are of course always true to type when the seats are covered with leather.

Pigskin covered chairs have an interest of their own with their buff color and smooth, soft surface. This kind of leather is especially appropriate for a man's room or a library. Writing table or desk may have their tops covered with pigskin. Table and desk tops of leather not only afford an agreeable surface for use, but when provided with a tooled edge, plain or touched with gold, they add a restrained note of elegance to the piece.

Tooled and illuminated leather screens, now popular, are artistic objects in their antique hues and glint of gold or silver. Panels of leather decorated in a similar manner are now being used to ornament the fronts of cabinets. One American furniture maker has recently produced a bed in the Spanish style with both the headboard and the footboard decorated with illuminated leather. Sometimes, for an unusual effect, the entire wall surface of a room is covered in the Spanish fashion with decorated leather.



Small-Size Chair, Dressing Table and Screen.

*Photo From M. E. Hewitt Studio.*

# KEMAL IS TURKEY'S PETER

( Continued from Page 7 )

Smyrna. The queens might well compare notes. They learned by experience how happy is the fate of a woman when she is married to an emancipator of her sex.

Both ladies, having brains, took an intelligent interest in public affairs. Eudoxia, being religious, thought that Peter, in his reforms, was going too far; and Peter, not sharing her respect for the Church, had to impale her paramour on a stake, where he died. Afterward Eudoxia, immured in a convent, had leisure in which to think it over.

Latifeh, having a mind of her own but no children, was merely divorced. But Kemal, her hero, has not forgotten her girlish devotion. On the contrary, he retains her dowry; and when she threatened a lecture tour in Europe—possibly the United States also—on women's rights in Turkey, Kemal, as a friend of feminine freedom, named her family as hostages, which language Latifeh says that she clearly understands. In Constantinople, therefore, Latifeh is kept as quiet as the Czarina Eudoxia in her convent.

Kemal and Peter were no favorites of the clergy. Requested to appoint a Patriarch for Russia, Peter threw out his chest, slapped it and retorted, "Patriarch? Here is your Patriarch." And, like the Bolsheviki, he meant it. He told the priests what they must preach. And being wise men, they took good care to preach nothing else. He translated the Bible itself into Russian, exposed the trickery of wonder-working images and even added them to his museum.

Kemal on his side will have no caliph and has abolished the monasteries of the dervishes. The Koran has been translated into Turkish and mosques are reorganized. No longer need the worshipers on entering lay bare their feet and wash them. Pews are to be provided and the muftis are told that, in any given mosque, only one sermon must be preached at once.

Happily, it has been discovered by Modernist Mullahs that hats are quite in accordance with the true spirit of Islam, as interpreted in the light of our knowledge today. In fact, there is a precedent. Frequently a Mohammedan happens to be possessed of a cow, reared by Christians. This cow has been accustomed to yield her milk to some one wearing, not a fes but a hat. Under these circumstances, the Koran permits the faithful, when they borrow Christian cows, to wear Christian headgear. The highest ecclesiastical scholarship available in Turkey has therefore approved the silk hat adopted by Kemal the Ghazi.

The Sultans abolished graven images and the frescoes in St. Sophia were whitewashed; generally speaking, the artist was discouraged by decapitation. But today one may see in Turkey a "garden of sculpture." One huge statue displays the Ghazi himself hustling the universe in a dinner jacket. Sculptors are, however, informed by regulation that they must not make the streets ridiculous.

Peter the Great, like Kemal, wanted the capital of his country to be somewhere else; and, dissatisfied with Moscow, he erected, therefore, on the banks of the Neva the city which is now honored with the name of Leningrad. It cost a hundred thousand of his grateful subjects, frozen and starved to death. But Russia obtained a seaport. Kemal, unlike Peter in this respect, prefers that his capital shall not be a seaport.

Will Kemal succeed? Did Peter succeed? Where today is his vanished veneer? Scratch a Russian and you have still the Tartar. Let loose the Turk, however "young," and what is this "civilization"?

An Asia that merely looks like Europe is, after all, an Asia, not destroyed but driven underground. It is still Asia, but it is now Asia subterranea. And Asia, being a fire in any case, thus becomes a hidden fire—a potential volcano—the earthquake of tomorrow. If Turkey is to be transformed for the better, she must be transformed, not from without, but from within. It is not the fes that matters. Nothing matters save the mind.

# SENATOR "JIM" REED OF MISSOURI

( Continued from Page 6 )

in each instance went to extremes that most other opponents of those measures viewed as inviting all but certain political death.

For example, Reed not only argued against the suffrage amendment but let loose the fires of withering satire on the suffragists, referring to their leaders as "female generals," "female lobbyists" and the "petticoat brigade."

One of the bon mots accredited to him is:

"You know how to handle these male lobbyists who haunt public men, but when one of the new female kind comes into your office you don't know whether to kiss her or throw her out."

Rarely personal in his attacks, Reed is sometimes, though as a rule indirectly, vehemently so, as when, at the time Charles G. Dawes, as Vice President-elect, was urging a reform of Senate rules, the Missouri Senator in an after-dinner speech spoke of "a jackass who has undertaken to set his will and opinion over those of the Senate."

Reed's talent for satire and his adherence to the injunction of Carlyle never to tone down one's utterances have caused him to be feared in the United States Senate. It was the length rather than lack of pointedness of his Senate speeches that caused his oratorical efforts on the Senate floor to be discounted until recently. In the last session, however, he vied with Borah for attention.

Sometimes he drops into humor with a sarcastic twist. Not long ago another Senator tried to get him to suspend one of his speeches until a routine matter might be voted on.

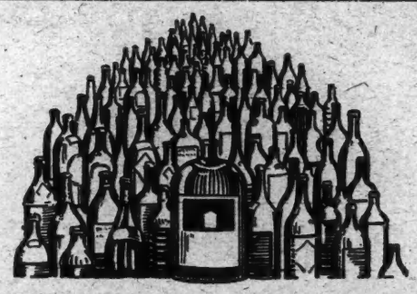
"We will vote on the resolution in ample time," Reed responded, "and you can also hear me. You will thus revel in a double pleasure."

As a Senator and a politician he is oratorical, caring very little for office detail or for organization. Each of his own campaigns is largely an entity in itself. He opened his last one with a self-conducted meeting held in Kansas City, at which he alone spoke, not having another even to introduce him or preside.

It is as a cross-examiner that his fighting spirit is best displayed. He manoeuvred for years to get Wayne B. Wheeler and other officials of the Anti-Saloon League on the witness stand in front of him. Now, as Chairman of the Senate investigating committee, he can cross-examine to the full throughout the recess period.

Reed is an active member of a law firm, for which he appears frequently in the trial of cases. His earnings as a lawyer, probably are several times his Senate salary, though all of his friends agree that for mere money he cares little. He has been retained by Henry Ford to defend him in the libel suit brought by Aaron Sapiro, the Jewish lawyer who has been the counsel of many farm cooperative enterprises.

Reed's friends particularize as to few Reed likes, except the one for combat. He is fond of good literature, especially that which has a satirical slant, and is the only member of Congress who on the floor likes to quote approvingly from the writings of H. L. Mencken, who is one of his personal friends.

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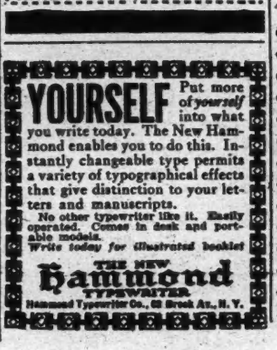

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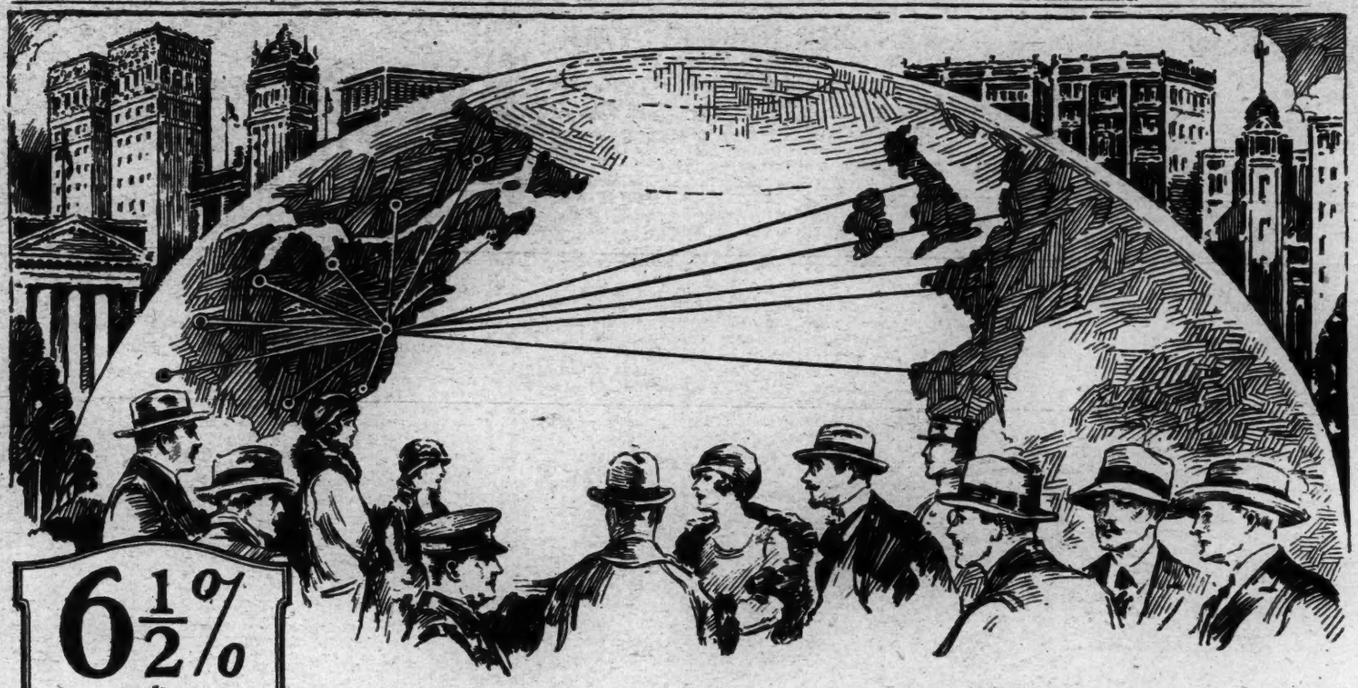

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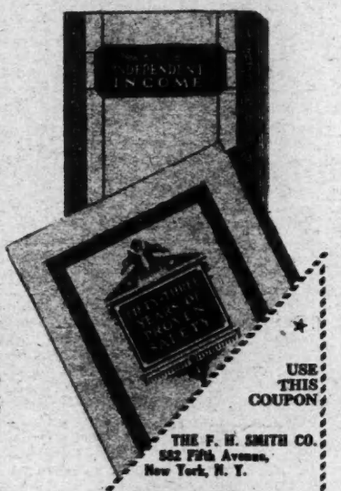


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# MARSHAL FOCH PICTURES THE FUTURE WAR

(Continued from Page 1)

both nations would be ready to call a halt."

"In that connection," I remarked, "I recently read a book entitled 'Air Power Is World Power,' and the author inclined to the belief that there was no adequate defense against enemy aircraft."

"What is the book?" ask Marshal Foch, showing quiet interest. "Who publishes it? I want a copy."

"The book has not yet been published, but the author permitted me to read it in manuscript," I told him.

"I should like to see it," said the Marshal. "No really adequate defense against enemy aircraft has yet been devised. It is a thing all nations are working on, and doubtless a successful defense will in time be found. Certainly there is none known today, and air power is a most important attribute for any nation at war. Yet I do not think that the destruction of great cities—even of capitals and industrial centres—will end war. Armies in the field, victories over armed enemies, superior mechanical devices and better trained men, led by better officers, will continue to spell victory or defeat. You cannot scare a great nation into submission by destroying her cities."

And then Marshal Foch was asked if he would hazard a description of a great battle, such as the Battle of the Marne, but fought in 1946, twenty years from now. What would it be like, with the machine in the main rôle as against the man in the last war?

"No man can tell what twenty years will bring forth," he said. "We can see, however, a vast increase in the number of mechanical devices that we now know. All these things will be present in tremendously augmented numbers."

As Marshal Foch talked on about a great battle of the future it was difficult to keep mental note of the many elements involved. When it was ended there remained in the mind a picture of terrible confusion; a picture in which little men handling death-dealing machines seemed almost blotted out. Countless thousands of mighty guns were pouring millions of shells upon the opposing forces—high explosive shells of a destructive power not known in the last war; poison gas shells whose deadly vapors penetrated through the protective masks and killed in a few minutes; shells scattering unquenchable phosphorus that burns through human flesh to the bone in half a minute.

Hundreds of tanks were spitting death at the rate of a thousand shots a minute each. Machine guns spoke. Light automatic rifles (nothing so slow as the ordinary rifle in the next great struggle) in the hands of millions of men poured out hundreds of millions of bullets a minute—barrages so devastating that even a small bird could scarcely hope to get through untouched. The sky was darkened with thousands of airplanes, raining a ghastly dew upon the earth below.

That is not the whole picture. Far back of the lines, cities and villages crumbling and in flames from the devastating fire of artillery and bombs dropped from the air (shells and bombs that would raze a city block by the force of high explosive, or incendiary shells that seem to set the world on fire. These are but the known factors. Imagination went even further as the greatest soldier of his generation was speaking.

Aerial torpedoes, radio-controlled airplanes, even radio-controlled tanks and other engines of destruction guided by hands miles away—that seemed not beyond the bounds of the possible. Tomorrow the world may be startled with a realization that death may be borne on the wings of the wind by radio; that men may be electrocuted by contact with the very air they breathe or stabbed by an invisible ray.

With such a picture of typhoon, poisoned air, quake and avalanche, fire and metal, it seemed impossible that drought and famine should not follow to complete the annihilation of all living things within the battle zone and perhaps far beyond.

"In such a battle as you have pictured, General, how will it be possible for a commander to keep himself advised as to the progress of the fight?" I asked, remembering how difficult communication was in the last war, when the artillery destroyed and kept destroying the telephone and telegraph lines, and when a wireless outfit, newly installed, would be blown to bits almost at once.

"We shall have recourse to the human element; messengers who carry orders through in spite of everything. There is no machine yet in sight to substitute for these men."

# FRIENDS PUT IN FICTION

(Continued from Page 8)

named, and received, a substantial sum.

However, the artist got the better of the man of business in d'Annunzio and he published the novel after all. Whether the fable which preceded its appearance was mere press-agentry or not, certainly "Il Fuoco" gave a picture of a love affair with a woman who was clearly recognizable as Duse, and has remained a stain upon the literary career of d'Annunzio. However, "a poet's a man who kisses and then tells," so anything is forgiven to the darling of the Italian intelligentsia and the hero of the raid on Fiume.

The recent rush of autobiographical novels in this country produced a picture of friendly impersonations. Nearly every one wrote a book and nearly every book contained a portrait gallery of the writer's collegiate acquaintances. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," Stephen Vincent Bennet's "The Beginning of Wisdom" and Cyril Hume's "Wife of the Centaur" were densely populated by the friends of the authors.

### *Favored Device*

Very few of recent American books have avoided this device. Woodward Boyd's "The Love Legend" contained a picture of Chicago after the war, with thumb-nail sketches of Ben Hecht, Max Bodenheim and other Mid-Western literati; Tom Beer's "Fair Rewards" included Huneker and Anna Held; Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen" gave rein to the journalistic trio of F. P. Adams, Don Marquis and Heywood Broun; Carl Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle" was compact of personalities, while even Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" included an appreciative picture of Jacques Loeb, under the cognomen of Max Gottlieb.

But American usage seems to demand that any treatment of living persons shall reverse the principle, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Whenever an American writer finds a ready-made character, he butters it up and down and sprinkles it well with sugar before serving.

This is perhaps the only legitimate way in which an author can borrow from life, particularly in a day when every author is the friend of every other author and log-rolling has been raised to the dignity of a professional ethic. Many social and professional debts can be discharged by an adroit incorporation; it may even help one's book sell if it is known that living people are its protagonists. And then, again, the flattered recipient of this favor may, in his turn, write a novel in which he will include the original author, and so the latter's name may be kept before the public and all go well in the fiction factory.

The trouble with this friendly business in the matter of literature is that it is all right, but it doesn't work. In the long run "the spear that knows no brother" has a better chance of victory than the spear for publicity purpose only.

If you take a man out of your daily life and set him down in the middle of a prospective novel, you find yourself face to face with a very old dilemma. Shall you tell the truth or shall you be nice? If you tell the truth, you are sure to be offensive. If you present your victim in a shower of rose-water and praise, what have you done? Well, you have been a pander, for one thing. For another, you have probably been insincere. And if you are insincere, what right have you to call yourself an artist?

Let us assume, therefore, that you are one of those people who are sincere at all costs. You decide to tell the truth, even about your friends. You have said nothing that is exactly libelous, but you have given him a picture of his true character. That means that you are minus a friend.

Then there is the final artistic consideration. Is photography art? The answer (except from photographers) has hitherto been emphatically in the negative. If you pick a character up out of real life, it's rather too easy to be artistic. Who ever got an idea of a man's real appearance from his fingerprints and Bertillon measurements? The man whom you have described with meticulous care and elaborate detail will seem stilted, artificial and wooden when you behold him in your own pen-and-ink.

Mr. Wells's experiment with Shaw and Keynes is logical and proper enough if he is merely trying to give a picture of an age, but even he would shrink from the idea of using his acquaintances as dramatis personae. For after all, it is a gross impertinence to take advantage of what a man has consciously or unconsciously revealed to you of himself in the privacy of a home or the intimacy of a dinner-table. And that should be the final criterion in a matter of this sort. Good breeding has recently discarded many superfluous extraneities, but it has never changed its substance. The essence of good breeding demand one should not take an unfair advantage, and it is ill-bred to conscript your friends as cannon-fodder for your battle with the publishers and public. Besides that, it is a lazy, ill-advised and inartistic device which leads nowhere.

# FLAT DWELLERS NOW ADOPT HOOKED RUGS

ADDED to the furniture of the American apartment over which the family stumbles at night is a wabbly frame holding a square of burlap tacked across the top, on which some member of the household is patiently hooking a rug. She hooks in and out, her yarn or cloth leaving a warty-looking pattern on the top. This product will eventually adorn the floor, for it is the fashion now to swing back to the times of our forebears in everything but their frugal ways. The hooked rug of today is an expensive luxury, though those made a hundred years ago may have been an inexpensive necessity.

The popular pattern has on its surface a ship in the centre, a dragon on each side and a bunch of flowers at the top and bottom, so that the householder, coming in late at night and turning on the light, does not know if he is at sea, in a jungle or in a garden. Lacking creative imagination, the woman having the hooked-rug urge haunts the antique shops and comes home with a rug showing a cat with wild eyes and above it, worked in faded green, "Pray Be Seated." Or one may trace in the washed-out warty knobs a picture of a girl standing over what looks like a patch that was once white, with these words worked out beneath: "Elisa Lamenting the Death of Her Pet Lamb."

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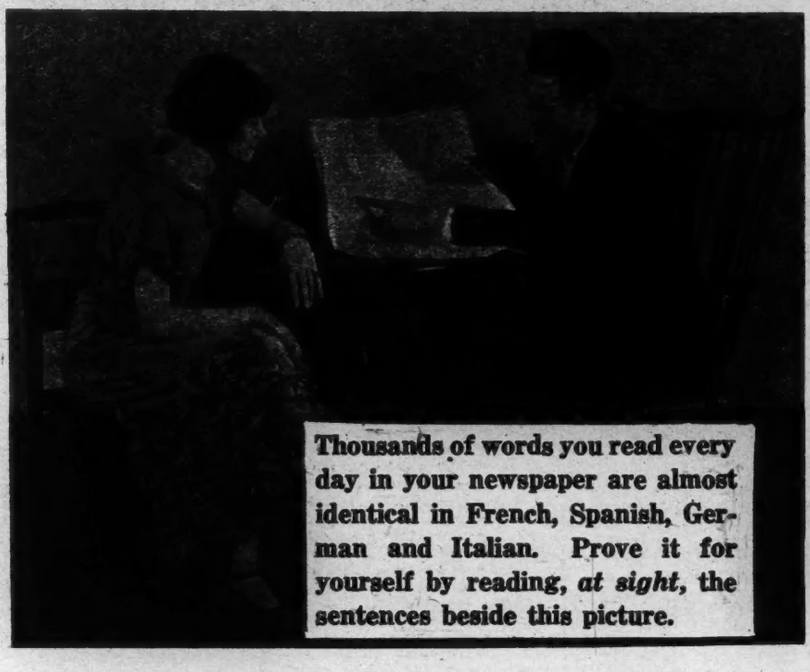

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**La Rose est une fleur magnifique.**

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# AMERICAN HISTORY IS ALIVE AT TICONDEROGA

(Continued from Page 9)

culty, by Israel Putnam. There is a written list of the officers of the famous Black Watch, who fell charging Montcalm's trenches in the woods, in 1758—Campbells and Stuarts and Grahams and MacPhersons who fell in these strange highlands, so far away from their own.

Perhaps the most enticing of the old records are the orderly books of the different regiments that were quartered at Ticonderoga, the common records of the everyday life of the fort. Dipping at random into one of them, you seem to be reading a record of the American Army on the Rhine. "Notwithstanding repeated orders that no vegetables shall be taken out of the gardens of Inhabited Houses," writes the Revolutionary Officer of the Day, "yet complaints have been made that parties of thirty and forty men at a time have gone out of camp and taken away every kind of green which the Inhabitants had for the sustenance of their families."

It is these intimate things of the lives of the soldiers and officers of other wars which make the past live so vividly at Ticonderoga. William Calver of the New York State Field Service said not long ago that there are more things which have actually been handled by Revolutionary soldiers in this museum than there are in all the rest of the United States. The very tiles on the floor of the hall under the West Barracks are the same that Montcalm and Amherst, Benedict Arnold, Ethan Allen and Burgoyne walked on.

Here, on French military mess tables of the eighteenth century, lie the forks and knives that Revolutionary soldiers and officers ate with. Ranged about the walls are the huge three-legged kettles that cooked their food, the shovels, pickaxes, saws they used, the bayonets and halberds and cannon balls with which they fought. Here are hundreds of clay pipestems through which they smoked, their fishhooks, their ice-creepers, the buckles and buttons from their uniforms.

There is an odd pathos about those buttons, each pinned to a small card with the name of the regiment—the Twenty-first Royal Scots, the Fourth Pennsylvania, the Seventh Royal Fusileers, the Sixtieth Royal Americans; buttons from the Black Watch, buttons from regiments of Languedoc and Roussillon and Guyenne. Only one gravestone has been found at Ticonderoga, although graves are plentiful. The wooden markers have long since rotted away from the soldiers' graves. These buttons, lying in the cases, are all that is left of the brave men who once fought each other on the heights of Carrillon.

The officers of the French and English Kings lived well. You can tell that from the hundreds of bits of fine old Staffordshire ware and other rare china found in the buildings. You can tell it from the broken bottoms of their wine glasses, and from the great heap of broken wine bottles down by the lake. You can see it in the bottom of the blue and white punch bowl, that reads "Success to General Amherst."

### *The Past Brought Near*

In the cases are their gold rimmed spectacles, their fine rapiers and pistols, a long pair of scissors for picking a coal from the fireplace to light their pipes, an adjustable camp candlestick to read by. There are hairpins here, too, which pinned the curls on their powdered wigs. And there is a letter among Mr. Pell's manuscripts from an officer of the expedition of 1758, complaining bitterly of the commissary because, so he said, all the way up Lake George they had nothing to drink but lake water!

They had fresh vegetables at their mess, too, these officers. When the French first built the fort in 1755, they cleared and planted a square of ground near the huge old well, outside the ramparts, which they called the "Jardin du Roi." In a map prepared for Burgoyne in 1781 the square still appears as the "King's Garden." And you can walk in the King's Garden today, for it has been a garden ever since.

After the Revolution the promontory of Ticonderoga was deeded over to Columbia and Union Colleges. In 1806 William Ferris Pell, son of Benjamin Pell of Pelham Manor, settled by the shore of the lake below the fort. In 1818 he bought the whole promontory, and in 1826 he built the delightful old Colonial mansion known as the "Pavilion," in which his descendant lives today. And the "King's Garden" is still carefully tended by the Pell family.

It is the South Barracks building that Mr. Pell hopes some day to repair for his museum. Its walls still stand, and from them hang iron rings where once the officers' horses were hitched. In this building was the guard room of the fort, and beyond it the room of the officer of the day. You can stand on the original tiles before the original broad fireplace of this room. In front of this fireplace, Washington may have stood thinking perhaps of Montcalm, and Rogers of Benedict Arnold, and André of Schuyler and Gates and St. Clair and the other famous people who had been there before him. At that fireplace you feel the ghosts of Ticonderoga more vividly than at any other spot.

The débris which once filled the South Barracks, filled with hundreds of relics, lies across the Place d'Armes, waiting to be explored. For they are still constantly turning up Revolutionary remains around the old fort. Only last week workmen building a road came upon eighteen skeletons lying in a close row. Mr. Pell had the bones removed to the cemetery, and had Catholic and Protestant burial services.

"Because," he explained, "they might have been British or American, or they might have been French." And as Mr. Pell was wounded in the French Army in the last war, he knows how these soldiers would have felt about it if they had been French.

## TALES OF MIGHTY HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 10)

wounded animal—the first had had enough and nothing would induce it to return to the fray. The tiger measured ten feet two inches—the largest I have shot.

Have you ever sat in a tree to watch over a pool that, in the Indian hot weather, is the drinking place of all game within a long distance? It is a weird experience and may bring you adventures that will last a lifetime. One of the shikaris tells how he took post in that way. It was pitch dark in the gloom of the trees and the hours slowly passed. Owls moaned dismally from neighboring branches, there was a faint rustle in some bamboos near by, and then, a moment or two afterward, the upper branches of a neighboring tree quivered slightly. Not wind, for the air was quite still. Something, human or animal, was shaking that tree.

### *Creeping Murderers*

Its branches quivered once more, the faintest movement against the sky. The shikari looked intently; he was an old hand who knew that there are such things as man-eating panthers that climb and are adept at every kind of attack. Instinctively, he realised that he was being stalked by one of these creeping murderers—a situation only coolness and iron nerves could combat.

The movement ceased; nothing was to be seen; perhaps, after all, it was only imagination. But the tree quivered again—the panther was just about to take off. Not a second to lose, the rifle blazed out into the night, and a heavy thud on the ground indicated that the ghostly encounter had ended.

Some of the shikaris have hunted on the Roof of the World among the Kirghiz, whose lives are spent at an average altitude of fifteen thousand feet. There is the home of ovis poli, the largest and finest of all wild sheep, first made known to civilization by Marco Polo when the Venetian traveler crossed "the roof" six hundred years ago on his journey to the court of the Mongol Emperor, Kublai Khan. In Summer the wolves subsist largely on the Kirghiz sheep, but in the Winter, when the flocks move to cold weather quarters, they turn their attention to the wild sheep. They display remarkable cunning, working on a plan of campaign that is almost human in the manner in which it is carried out. A herd is marked down and the wolves encircle them. It may take a whole day, but when the cordon is finally drawn, the wolves set up a prolonged howling to induce them to bunch together. The herd is then shouldered off to deep snow, where it is easy to pull them down.

In the heart of Asia, where the Chinese hold shadowy dominion over wandering tribes, lie the Tian Shan, or Heavenly Mountains. There is the home of the Kalmuks, a fascinating tribe of hunters with many curious customs. They say that the fox is of a black color for five hundred years, after which he changes to white for a similar period, when, having wearied of life and whiteness in that time, he gladly dies.

In the Shikar Club you will hear of the Mongols of Eastern Mongolia, who are averse to taking life except under the sternest necessity, and who have a huge game preserve where it is rumored all kinds of rare specimens can be found. But it is death to enter these precincts, and so the game go on multiplying.

Of the tales of hairbreadth adventure and escape India, teeming with ferocious beasts, has a goodly share. Another shikari relates his encounter with a black bear in the Himalayan Mountains. He met bruin quite unexpectedly in the jungle on the hillside and wounded him. The bear charged, and, to gain time for a second shot, the hunter dodged behind a tree. Then bear and hunter chased each other round the tree, until the man got in his second shot. No game for a nervous man.

A shikari sitting in a tree that commanded a view of a forest path heard a slight rustling in the river bed behind. Presently a panther, with that ominous silence characteristic of it, crouched on a ledge above the path. The reason for this was soon apparent. Along the track came a coolie droning to himself after the manner of the Indian villager, all unconscious of the danger. The watcher in the tree, however, knew that here was a man-eating panther, who, having stalked the coolie, had chosen the ledge from which to make the fatal spring. That coolie owes his life to the chance watcher in the tree.

Man-eating tigers are a study in themselves. They cover after killing as much as fifty miles in a day, as though apprehensive of danger. The Gonds, who inhabit the dense jungles of the central part of India, told me of a mighty man-eater who had for years roamed the district, levying toll on shepherd and cowherd and lying in wait for the pedestrian on jungle paths. He was said to work in company with a lungoor, or gray-colored monkey, that always went ahead to reconnoiter and lull the victim into false security.

Many and strange are the tales to be heard in the Shikar Club.

## KILLERS' KNIVES ON NANTAI SAN

IN the high mountains beyond Nikko, in Central Japan, nestles Lake Chuzenji, and above it the sacred mountain Nantai San rears its bare crest. Once it was the dwelling place of a pacific Buddhist hermit saint. Pilgrims from all parts of Japan climb its steep slopes. They are dressed in white robes, carry staffs and rosaries in hand, and chant a Buddhist prayer as they climb. An avenue of scarlet lacquer "torii," or gateways, guides the pilgrim to the shrine on the summit.

Near the peak is a bare patch of rock, overhanging a steep precipice. On this rock is a heap of swords, daggers and other weapons, rusted with age. In ancient times a man who had committed a deed of blood made a pilgrimage to Nantai San and offered up his weapon in expiation of his crime. To the Samurai, the warrior, his sword was his most prized possession, and the murderer who sacrificed his precious sword gave up in atonement what he valued more than his own life.

This heap of ancient sword blades, daggers and other weapons can be seen on Nantai San at present, a relic of feudal times.


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# THE CHARLESTON'S ANCESTRY

( Continued from Page 2 )

his favorite pastime when news came to him of the capture of Amiens by the Spaniards.

The Norman conquerors had taken some form of the Branle to England, where it flourished under the name of Brawl as lustily as it had in France. Henry VIII composed his own Brawls, both as to step and song; and at Whitehall and the Inns of Court the legs and feet of lords and gentry whisked about as snappily as they do now in a dance hall. Queen Elizabeth was most jealous of her prestige as the leading Brawl dancer at court and Ambassadors were asked to decide the delicate question as to whether her evolutions outshone those of the nimble Mary Queen of Scots. And John Knox inveighed against the Charleston of his day as it was danced at Holyrood in much the same language that our own Dr. Straton thunders against the version now in vogue from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The voluminous gowns, with many skirts, hoops, stomachers and ruffles, worn in the Elizabethan period, seem neither to have discouraged the ardor nor lessened the agility of the dancers. They managed their draperies with such skill at court balls that they were still able to swing a foot around to a level with the hip and leap from foot to foot with true Charlestonian speed and vigor. It is related of one princess that she performed the liveliest of Brawls while wearing an embroidered train three yards in length, borne by a gentleman train-bearer who, though he had the advantage of slashed doublet and hose, was hard put to it to follow her steps and at the same time keep his burden clear of the floor.

It was said of Sir Christopher Hatton, noted as a leader in the briskest of Brawls, that he danced his way to the woolsack, so well did his nimbleness commend itself to Queen Elizabeth. With the yeomen and yokelry, this English form of the early Charleston was a common accompaniment of wedding festivities. A song of 1560 thus describes a Brawl:

*Good fellowes must go learne to daunce,*
*The brydeal is full near a;*
*There is a brall come out of France*
*The first ye harde this years a,*
*But I must leape and thou must hoppe*
*And we must turn all three a;*
*The fourth must bounce it like a toppe,*
*And so we shall agree a.*
*I pray the minstrel make no stop,*
*For we will merry be a.*

### *Another Ancestor*

Another early English dance, the Sailor's Hornpipe, provides proof, if more were needed, to establish the antiquity of the winging step of the Charleston. The twisting movement of Jack Tar on the balls of his feet, as he moves backward and forward, simulating hauling on a rope, is the Charleston wing of today, pure and simple. Lord High Admirals encouraged it as a healthy exercise and a mental relaxation, and the doughty fighters of Sir Francis Drake's fleet performed it in celebration of their victory when they sank the Spanish Armada.

In further confirmation of the assertions of M. Staats, one need only turn to some of the simpler steps of the classic ballet as they have been practiced from the days of La Camargo to Pavlowa. The unchallenged authority, Zorn, describes one of them, un temps levé, as "a compound movement of one side, which consists of lifting one leg while the other is differently occupied." That is the very essence of Charleston routine. The tortillé bipede contraire comprises "a twisting step upon both feet, in opposite directions, but the right foot makes first a turn on the heel and then one on the ball, while the left foot makes a turn on the ball, followed by one on the heel." Omit the turns on the heel and the Charleston appears. The tortillé bipede simultane is "a simultaneous turning of both feet in the same direction, either upon the ball or the heel," and occurs very frequently in Russian dances. The tortillé shows every trait of being a parent of the Charleston wing, which, in the early Spanish dances, as well as in the modern ballet, is found combined with a frappe and a pas de Basque.

Advanced Charleston dancers are adding to its winging movement one of the most familiar steps of the classic ballet—the pas de bourrée, an old-time festal dance of the peasantry of Auvergne, said to have been derived from a very ancient Branle. It was introduced at the French court by Marguerite de Valois and was popular among high and low until the close of the reign of Louis XIII. It became obsolete, only to reappear in the ballets under Noverre. Like the Branle, it was first danced to a song, and its marked characteristic was the stamping of sabots or hob-nailed shoes to mark every third beat of the measure.

Lamenting the decadence of the Branle and the fact that from being a monopoly of the aristocracy it had sunk to the level of the common people, Tabourot wrote with prophetic pen:

"It has been out of fashion this forty or fifty years, but I foresee that wise and modest matrons will yet return to it.

## IS THIS AN EARLY HEAD OF CHRIST?

( Continued from Page 5 )

of a very interesting plan, exists at the north end of th main street. The whole wall would seem to be a later addition, built by the city fathers at a time when raids were feared and the state of the country was disturbed.

There are various evidences, more particularly the incorporation of the triple Southern Gate in the wall and the narrowing of the central span to make a door, in the stonework of which is still the slot to hold the great bar of wood which held it fast. To the east are no remains of buildings, but foundations which may be seen even in the streets of the village. Inscriptions built into house walls, fragments of carvings, columns, capitals and bases are to be found in every street, adapted to some humble use.

### *Church Ruins*

Implanted on the pagan remains of this ancient city are the ruins of seven Christian churches, mostly formed of borrowed architectural members, showing a ruder workmanship and having curious situations. The largest lies to the south of the North Temple, almost nestling against its flank, causing wonder as to what the ministrants of these rival altars thought of one another.

They seem to have existed and worshiped side by side, for there are no signs of succession to the larger edifice of the triumphing faith. Both are now ruins, the Christian the lowlier. To the west and in the rear of this same temple, set in a more antique colonnade, is another. Immediately in the rear of the first is another large one with two tall columns. On the hill, some little way south, another still, exhibiting a consecration cross in its apse.

The most interesting of all, perhaps, is the one on the ruined viaduct, which seems to have ingeniously embodied in itself the architectural surroundings including the street columns—the street becoming the nave and the porticoes the aisles, completely blocking the road.

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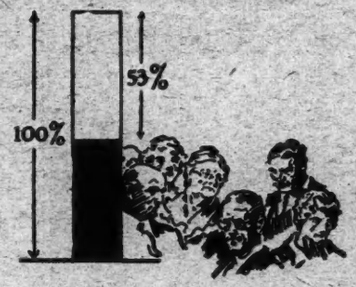
Of the 460,000 men over twenty years of age who will die this year, about 300,000 will die from chronic diseases which must necessarily have been in existence many years before causing fatal results. In this group 118,300 will die of heart disease; 53,000 of kidney disease; 41,000 of apoplexy; 38,500 of cancer; 47,500 of tuberculosis; a total of 298,300. These percentages hold good for women except that women over thirty show a higher death rate from tuberculosis and middle-aged women a much higher cancer rate than men.

### *How to Live Long*

Most of the diseases which usually cause death at thirty, forty, fifty, and even later are preventable or, at least, can be deferred from a few to many years, if proper preventive measures are taken. There are few chronic maladies that cannot be held in check if known in time—even those which affect the heart, blood vessels and kidneys.

Even cancer can be detected in its early stages and cured by operation, although it is commonly stated that we have no cure for cancer. In addition to the prevention of cancer, and the prevention of heart disease, kidney disease and apoplexy, which carry off so many people at middle life, there are the so-called "minor defects" to be corrected, those impairments which undermine the health, shorten life, and limit activities and happiness.

It is wrong to worry about our health but a thinking human being will stultify his own intelligence if he does not seek the best means to be found for prolonging his health, happiness and value to the world.

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